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exactly bodied on. The marvelous thing about a novel is that every reader will disagree over the very simplest sentence slightly differently.

Maclean: *Do you feel 300,000 words is Daniel Mann to that sign as a just imagination? Do you have any money on your reader?*

Freeman: I am not waiting for reviewers. Reviewers have read the book should have been shorter. A lot of them said, "Why wasn't it shorter?" Somebody in America said that there's nothing wrong with this book that is good, editor-wise, I have said. That is to me, that is just a weakness in reviewers. I mean, it's possible that the book is too long and there may be literary reasons why it's too long but I am writing for readers who are prepared to spend a week or two weeks reading a book.

Maclean: *And you are prepared to take the risk that the 300,000 words may be just a few too many?*

Freeman: Absolutely. I mean, I know I have a gift, but if I weren't I can't if I want, keep people reading pages as fast as I want. I know how to tell stories. But people who read that book have got to look for other pleasures. You know, this book is what one 20th-century man feels about his country and generation in one particular century.

Maclean: *When you were new to the chief character between fiction and the real world?*

Freeman: Well, it's a metaphor for reality and this is why I think poetry and the novel are so close, because all novels are really metaphors for reality and I personally would not distinguish between the reality and the metaphor and reality and reality. I think once the thing is written it assumes a certain reality. I suppose you could say some of Shakespeare's great poems are surreal, but that seems to be an equally important reality, a mental reality.

Maclean: *Is it not really an illusion?*

Freeman: It's illusion at one level. If you are talking in terms of for instance, 20th-century empirical philosophy, of course it is an illusion, but personally I don't think so. I am not much in favor of the deconstruction now. I think that reality is rather a board form and I have never really liked extreme, extreme, extreme, extreme, extreme like Zola, I suppose my greatest liking is for the heroic stance—the Voltaire, for the George Orwell, the allegorical. Certainly there are, I think, allegorical realities, surely as strong as many forms of actual reality.

Maclean: *When therefore, would you say some not necessarily in order of priority, a writer's duty toward his readers?*

Freeman: I think I would doubt your question. I think a novelist's first duty is only to write the story he wants to tell. To be honest to his own imagination, but on a total knowledge of existence. That's the prime duty to me. You always write for yourself first to discover yourself first. Then there are, I think, lesser duties down the line. I personally feel that my duty is to write for an educated majority. That's all

an issue-grade majority in other words. I think we've been quite enough of an average at the 20th century, so in a way in that book I am going back a little from that.

Maclean: *That seems mostly in random accordance as an artist and profitability as a commercial.*

Freeman: It does. I must say "Gosh," if that's said. But I've never written to make money. I never was more amazed than when *The Collector* was a best seller and I



I know I have a gift;
I can have readers
turning pages as fast
as I want them to

didn't think *The French Lieutenant's Woman* would ever make it.

Maclean: *How many copies of all your various books have you sold?*

Freeman: I am not very interested in that side of my life. I honestly couldn't give you a figure. I think *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is coming up to three million in paperback. *The Magus*, I suppose, must be somewhere near there.

Maclean: *And the money, are you interested in that?*

Freeman: I am economically free to write but for a best-selling author we lead very simple lives. We really have no expensive tastes. We don't go to the car. I don't even drive. I refuse to pay high prices for antiques. I wouldn't want to live with valuable things or read the *And* they are very beautiful things. I think they ought to be in a public museum anyway.

Maclean: *What then would you say is the greatest benefit you've derived from your success?*

Freeman: Freedom. I am fortunate to be a very free person. I work when I like. We could live when we like, travel when we

like. Nobody is time when to take. We're free today but it works in some form of organization. It happens that I am from another planet.

Maclean: *I would have said that Daniel Mann is probably by far the most ambitious book you have ever written, would you say that?*

Freeman: I would say it is ambitious and as only I know that book is going to be misunderstood, misinterpreted and all kinds of things but, again, I think if you are a novelist, you have to put yourself out on a branch.

Maclean: *How, actually, are you to take some of the letters expressed in the book? The commercial success, for instance.*

Freeman: I've had a hard time with the commercial success. I think the commercial side of Hollywood would have America more direct than anyone at the present time, then actually makes. It gives such a false image of what America is, and anyone who has been in that world knows that the decisions are taken on such absurd grounds. At least even common sense.

Maclean: *And the North American, I am quoted here, "they that are and books are everywhere."*

Freeman: I don't like to leave Canada to. It has been here for 40 years. I think, if I talk of the United States you, I think they add to our romance and evil. Even in the kinds of things like the perfume is a certain restaurant. At the end of a road in a New York restaurant you always see the plates half full because nobody was out it all and the waste of electricity the all over it. But America is difficult because I worked in British compact cars how much to be in the majority but for some ridiculous reason they do not see New York.

Maclean: *You were in Daniel Mann about the present world and I quote "It's not the spirit of an animal that has passed and is now somewhere else to the forest." You have already said that Daniel Mann is your major work so far. Whereabout on the forest?*

Freeman: Well, no. Whether it's my major work I don't know. Technically I shall never beat *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. I think that is a very good craftsman's job in creating nature, some of voice. I don't think I'll ever write a book as good as that. I am talking on this cultural level.

Maclean: *As light as I come back to my section, "whereabout on the forest are you?"*

Freeman: I don't know at the moment. It's not known because you write books to find out where you are in the forest. I don't know what I have written another book. It really seems to be that in a way, as soon as you've written a book, you know it's not enough. It doesn't really say what you want to say and for some people that is not it's published and you see it in print and it's reviewed, criticized or even praised, it's only then that you see what you're doing with a very often that's why you have to write another novel.

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All is not lost! There's still Pierre, and that magic to stir men's blood

Column by Will Ready

Suddenly, we seem to be up the creek with not a paddle in sight. Canada, the idea of an independent nation in the northern half of the North American continent, is hovering with the tide. Reaction is rampant, as are mis-statements and the power of the press and the conglomerates. The realisation of separation has flared up in Quebec. Ontario is haggard. From the far left, the Pacific coast knows the thrill of rugged and the visible-jumping of the prairies there gives a yen to have done with Confederation to go it alone, or join our neighbours south of the border. The knowing-choicers of the Maritimes and Newfoundland are looking to the New England states. We are either unemployed, underemployed or unemployed. We seek from Ottawa handouts that the government is more than likely to consider favourably in order to keep them in into a welfare state. The dollar is not worth a Depression.

In Quebec, René Lévesque is leader of a new order; his disciples are Quebec academics. He has poked up the fire with his crack of a crosser and tried the bar, bringing over thousands to his bar. His political idealism is his last chance and is loaded on at that. Even if he wins, his province will in 50 years be largely non-French anyway. The plight of our Quebec has well be worse than that. They will never get the French to join them. The French among us anywhere, let alone among the Quebecers, whom they regard much as the Welsh do their relations in Pembrokeshire.

Meanwhile, royal commissions, white papers, parliamentary responses, media misstatements of the *Wahloo Canada* kind are piled. Amid the Anglo Establishment, with men grum about finding gentlemen on the St. Lawrence. This makes about as much sense as did drawing the ivory in grey.

Yet there is hope. The younger generation is losing whatever passion it had with the established political leadership. Through as vague of their own, but because of their lack of any the young are becoming Canadians, more than the older generation ever was or wanted to be. They are already looking that they belong to a nation that is wholly their own. The Canadians they were born into has done that for them. Canada's first mother is the never

was used. She was never very close to our temperate and to most of us, Canadian young are Pierre Trudeau's pet to be pulling the sword from the stone, even if their children are looking away from them, as shooting them full of a false euphoria. They wish instead Merlin to guide them.

Amazingly, Pierre Trudeau can do that. He is a man and only enough, and able to back with enough cunning to beat the media, Lévesque and the Anglo opposition. Somehow he has survived the



loom of youth and the will of power without losing an integrity that he does not want on his sleeve nor does he lose

We've had wonders in the past, even before Confederation. But they grew grey, tempted to be stewards of world renown to succumb to wealth and power. They captured in parliamentary guise the props and crutches of the establishment that they had meant to topple. (That has happened to the Welsh wizard David Lloyd George, who dreamed of making our Britain out of his people and the English, but died a belated old landlord of friendliness and now has about on the walls of a room that runs into Cardigan Bay past his childhood village of Llanysynydd.)

We need Trudeau to lead our Arthur over the hill, to the new man and the family of Canada, a believing, sheltered place where we can let our hair down and the act in, and now and then be started with the joy of it. He must overcome to go it by of the strong new Commonwealth. But more any other adventures on the far shores command his energy and

precious time. He must cast his magic in Canada, where he alone has the saving grace.

None in the place where they have to let you in. Pierre is growing older but he is game enough, as he showed in the French Columbia campaign, good enough to be our guide, if he will but listen to us, especially to the young. They don't always sense what they are saying, are not clear as to exactly what they want, but the wizard in Trudeau knows. He knows to do his job and put on his visible raiment with the Zerkow decoration to become a word in full life.

A lone crane is hard to find, a broken dream is difficult to recall. The future is taking a new turn, drawing against the piling stones. We need magic to see on it the only way. Our young will not be branded as the tongue by the nations of Lévesque who are already pushing their leaders aside to beat the vote. More and more they are leaving, speaking French, not for civil service reasons but because it is a language, not in English in Canada is a civilized figure. It is a language, not in English in Canada is a civilized figure. It is a language, not in English in Canada is a civilized figure.

Millions of Canadians are growing up whose families came from the Ukraine, from Italy, Holland, the Baltic states, from Portugal, Hungary, India and China. They dream and their dreams of Canada do not include compulsory instruction in the expense of their own mother tongue and the universal language of English.

This is a society that is already multi-cultural and opposition to the new biculturalism of Quebec is approaching violent militance in Calgary and Edmonton. As for Vancouver, Lévesque's schemes are a matter of complete indifference.

Canada will never be America, any more than was that place the shade of perpetual peace and love. The world will always be in a state of chaos, it always has been. Trudeau, our wizard, may stay new and then, yet somehow we shall stumble on, hand in hand as we never were before, growing into a nation, a family whose young may dwell on with their rock while Trudeau leads them toward tomorrow with a wand, not a sword.

Will Ready is chief editor of *The Mirror* (London) and author of a major study of J. R. R. Tolkien.

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Letters

The Homer of a dilemma

Congratulations on your article on Jack Horner's *A Rumpus in Power* (October 17). If the country had more leaders like Horner, it wouldn't be in the state it is in today. Now maybe more people will see

Robert Lewis states in the story on Jack Horner that "Horner's biggest problem, given the heavy burden of his new portfolio, likely will be maintaining his links with the land and the people, and thus his ability." I suggest that it will be his credibility, his access to news sources and direct ones, but as an ambitious politician who is doing what is expedient—for himself.

MEL DOUGLAS B. BRIDGE
BURLINGTON, QUE.

Score one for The Chief

Walter Stewart, while reviewing John DeLoraine's *Our Canada: The Twentieth Years* (October 17) discusses an assertion of DeLoraine's on "depravity." Dealing with the Romanosov controversy, the two prime ministers at that "Reading Conference" were flown to Colorado to be "insensitized" and then the debate was terminated in part by secret lecture courses conducted in the U.S. Embassy. I took an active part in the media debate and I insist that as this master DeLoraine is right on target in 1991, with an election coming up, I write to the Department of National Defence requesting information on the explosive power, the cost, etc. of the muscle, they suggested that I write the U.S. Air Force in Washington. And leading Canadians were flown to Colorado "volcano headquarters," at the expense of the defence department. In retrospect, people who take part in the struggle to protect the Romanosovs that an information chain of circumlocution was at work. Douglas Mackenzie, Minister of Defence, represented Calgary, the Town of Canada, Elton Lake, whose prosperity depended on

the sale of uranium, lay in Francoeur's constituency.

KEF GRIMMETT-ZWICKER, TORONTO

For many years we have been afflicted with weak liberal commentators about the DeLoraine project. Now we have Walter Stewart's review of *Our Canada: The Twentieth Years* (October 17). John DeLoraine is a great Canadian; he is of far greater worth than subjective, liberal thinking critics. With DeLoraine's work some of the best men the Canadian profession has seen. That the liberal media wish to downgrade a constructive is one thing; the truth is neither in DeLoraine's cabinet were men that make the present cabinet look like a bunch of stammering bunnies at an industry wake. A sensible comment on a former prime minister's book should at least attempt to waive the personal public relations view and get at the truth. When John DeLoraine states that President Kennedy used his executive power, church connections and worldwide esteem to aid Lester Pearson, I believe him. When DeLoraine related to head the race to Harold Macmillan and what that enabled him to stand for, I admired him above all leaders of that time. When a critic can pass off all this as the whimsy of a revered politician, it is too much. It suggests Stewart wrote some sense of truth, some sense of humanity, and a hell of a lot less of his own personal opinion.

B. & MACKENZIE, NORTH BAY, ONT.

A few bugs in another system

The credit for the curious assemblage *S&A's* *Five Stars In The System* (October 3) should have gone to Doug Scott who wrote

Settle for more.

More and more is being demanded of cars these days.

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putting our engine in sideways up front (to appreciate just how much room check the charts).

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rear seats are anatomically designed. The front seats are fully reclining. The heating/ventilation system has 3 speeds. As well, the Rabbit's rear window defogs and defrosts electrically. And it boasts 4 wheel



More room.

room. You want more room? Give up performance and handling. El centro, el centro, el centro.

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AL HOLLINGWORTH, EDITOR,
DARTMOUTH FREE PRESS,
DARTMOUTH, NS

There were the days

I read *Law We Forget* (August 8) on the Dunbells and I thought you might be interested in a few lines from one of "the few people in Canada who knew who the Dunbells were." I was there. Our regiment the 43rd Centennial moved into Moncton 80 in on the morning of November 11, 1918. I was still in the 1918 old lady who dated it and looked me and the things dancing in the streets as we marched in with band playing. I believe it was on the far north that the Dunbells came and put on *MMS Pegasus* in the 1918 old lady. They were allowed to take our hosts to the performance. They were terrified with it but would not believe that Margie was one of our soldiers until the old cartoon cut when he took off his wig. Enough said.

W.C. SCOTT, VANCOUVER

Putting the Maple where it belongs

I do find Canadiana. I seldom talk about my feelings for Canada and I have been listening to and reading about the "great early debate" without comment. For the first time, in *Canoe* (July 1989), I have found someone putting reflections of my feelings into print. It's a Quebecian. The fact that Ontario and Quebec have not been able to get along since 1841 according to the article, is of little concern to those of us living outside those two provinces—except that the friction may tear our country asunder. Most of this history in the debate seems to be coming from Ontario and it will be a shame if this atmosphere and self-consciousness forces Ontario to secede in order to get a federal. Ontario has done very well by Confederation and perhaps little quaked and threatened that Quebec doesn't want to play the game by its rules any longer. Make power to Quebec. There are other provinces that don't like Ontario and the sooner Ontario realizes it the better Ontario may have created the problem but it's not their—it's Canada's and we have to solve it.

KEVIN HARRISON, VANCOUVER

The complex receiver

The opinion with me present in *Leaf's* *Business Digest* (October 17) stated that I dropped a pass while "doing a headstand." Wrong! In the particular game with Calgary my pass receptions were five for five. It is an easy enough matter to become an "overweight" bane in my profession without the benefit of this kind of inaccurate reporting.

TIMOTHY BAILEY, WHITE ROCK, BC



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Her Majesty's subject is not amused
 Updated Glory (October 3) says that the Monarchist League believes that the Crown is our best guarantee of freedom, parliamentary democracy and minority rights. What on earth has the Queen ever done for minority rights in Canada? Has it helped in the struggle of native peoples? Did it prevent Canadian unions of Japanese origin from losing their civil rights in World War II or the present loss of trade union civil liberties of Canadian unions under the odious provisions of Bill 106? I am sure the Queen is a great lady but to state that she can protect minority rights is



this country is just a medieval hogwash.
 HELEN MALMEED, OTTAWA

David Cobb may have meant to propose "a kiss to... the monarchy" but the tone of his article certainly seems to be read as anything but. I was amazed to read continuously shallow vignettes, some quite insulting, about the Crown in Canada. Typical of the more dishonest statements is Cobb's gem: "...the more boring Christian messages filled with coded signals." Although I rather like the traditional political aspect of the Crown and I admit Queen Elizabeth, I can live without a sovereign. But I'll be damned if I will tolerate the insidiously malicious and gossip about in effort that reflects the highest standards of dignity and respect.

ARMON BEN ISAAC, TORONTO

What's the point? We're already over-governed and over-ruled with unnecessary vestiges of the Middle Ages. Unlike some European countries, Canadian have matured by adopting a less faith style of living, and mindless and interference by vestiges of such institutions and decorative-type symbols in the face of the monarchy just serve to project us into the past years of the western vestiges of allegiances. She is not part of Canada; she understands little of our present problems, she shows little or no concern and she knows better than to interfere. She just roams—on what and for whom?

MARCELA CRABERLAND, OTTAWA

Updated Glory cites the now well-known public opinion poll that suggests that 85% of Canadians are of the view that Canada is a parliamentary democracy, but that only 36% know that it is a monarchy, that 65% think the head of state is the Prime Minister, 15% know it is the Queen. The monarchy cannot claim significant popular support in Canada, the writer concludes. "...the Crown is hardly the shining force it is meant to be."

What the public call into doubt is not the validity of the monarchy, but the wisdom of taking public call. Just the Queen's fault that her subjects don't understand the crucial role the monarchy plays in our democracy? Of course not. A public that call's identity in hand of state is an ignorant and foolish public. It could not be asked questions about such a complex matter as the structure of our government.

DAVID POWELL, LONDON, ONT.

Indiscreet neo-computations

Alan Fotheringham's recent column on southern Africa, *Musket and the Ironies* (September 18), contains some interesting ideas, but it is far from accurate that local Fotheringham describes Southern South Africa as being "in truth, only the most depressing sight on the globe." Actually, by comparison with what exists in many parts of Africa, it is a first world-class area.

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work of Michel and François Gasquetin in the article is also questionable. First, he claims they themselves are critics of traditional astrology and, second, because the Zukas test, which was specifically set up to examine their claims, has not, in the opinion of the scientific community, completely confirmed their findings. It barely serves the public who are taken in by horoscopes to say that there is now scientific evidence for astrology. What Lovelock's and the Gasquetins' claims are disputed.

PAUL KILBE, EDITOR
THE HUMANIST, BUFFALO, NY

Not just in Canada

In Just One More "Unknown" Canadian Hero (Lexus, October 3) a reader has given Canada an undeserved hero. Captain Joshua Slocum was indeed the first man to sail alone around the world, accomplishing this feat in a 33-foot yacht from 1891 to 1895. Slocum was born in Nova Scotia in 1844, but left the colony 18 years later for a life of deep-sea sailing—including fishing on the West Coast; he was never a Canadian since Nova Scotia did not enter Confederation until 1867. In fact, he became an American citizen, and it was the American flag that sailed around the world with him.

REYNOLD MICHANESSE, VICTORIA

Not only good, but good for you

As a resident on one of Karamark's first project sites, I must comment on *World On The Young* (September 19). Participants in the Karamark program are volunteers. Our day begins at seven thirty with breakfast which is followed by eight hours of physical labor and a six thirty dinner. Evenings and weekends consist of community volunteer services, second language classes, group discussions and projects. The important thing that your article failed to bring out is that the "drama group" activities are done willingly with the participants' volunteers having an open-ended amount of input into the type, time and length of their activities. The participants not only learn self-management, skills of planning and budgeting and interpersonal skills but the benefits of their labor and concern are directly bestowed on the people and areas in which they are active. I find it a ray of hope that our government is spending no time and our money to set up a vehicle through which the youth of Canada may voluntarily use their time and energy in a way that directly benefits all.

SHARON BOURGEOIS, MATLAVIA, ONT.

You are what you don't eat

Dr. Leon Ruben's remark that your criticism with Dr. Givens (Lexus, October, August 22) should be used as toilet paper (Lexus, September 19) implies the notion of the majority of the antibiotic resistance to what has been termed "antibiotic resistance" and "superbugs" theory." The suggestion that multi-drug resistance in Canada is responsible for disease



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was made to the publication of *Scientific Canada*—the national health survey of 14,000 Canadians published in 1970. This survey indicated that diabetic levels of dietary deficiency existed in all age groups. In a 19-56-year-old female group in 1968 34% were deficient in vitamins A, 32% were deficient in vitamin B-2, 48.6% were deficient in vitamin A, 62.2% were deficient in vitamin B-2 and 79.2% were deficient in iron.

Contrary to this report, and the evidence produced by these few physicians interested in the prevention of diabetes through nutrition and in treatment of disease with experimental therapy, the orthodox physician remains firm in the belief that disease does not arise for reasons of malnutrition but arises for reasons of "nutritional excess," such as the physical stress of life, the aging process, etc. In this present the orthodox physician wants for diseases to develop to the degree that a diagnosis can be made and then liberate the therapy with drugs. Louis Pauling has termed this "chronic endemia" as opposed to the preventive aspects of orthomolecular medicine.

CARL BERNARD CALGARY

The school of hard knocks

Cheryl Hawkes makes some serious claims in *After Ontario's Universities: Becoming Once More Masters Of The Very Aest* (October 3). "Students who wish to continue their studies will be forced to borrow all the necessary funds—many thousands of dollars, often on top of the \$4,000 debt incurred in the undergraduate program." Not so! Under the new scheme, newly undergraduate students will not have to borrow \$4,000 in Canadian Student Loans each year. They will get a non-repayable grant instead. Therefore, what those students began graduate studies they will have less debt, not more. "Ontario has consistently underperformed its budget for student grants." Again, not so! In 1974-75, \$12,573,500 was budgeted and we spent \$18,444,128. In 1975-76, we budgeted \$46,550,000 and spent \$49,117,071. In other years we have underperformed. However, this is not surprising when you consider the loss of considerable variables—unemployment, increases in students living away from home, increased charges, etc. By '81, as it appears, students had a low-growth rate. "How does a program double in expenditure in just four years, from \$23 million in 1972-73 to \$46 million in 1975-76, if it is but low growth?" A U of T history student Pam Curran, as quoted by Cheryl Hawkes, says that separate applications by herself and her husband "showed us how arbitrary the whole thing is—and worse." Our clear assessment compels us to object—and we do. Because Pam's declared income was considerably higher than that he logically was expected to contribute more to the cost of their education.

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Hardly a stranger in a strange land
 I was pleased and gratified to see the people I met on my trip (October 25). But, there are a couple of caveats. All my unimagined troubles were with immigration offices in New York City or at the border. Immigration officials in Nova Scotia were unusually friendly, courteous and helpful. The preferred pronunciation of "ice-cream" is "ai-cream." There is no such word as "ice-cream," and if the writers and fans of the world have anything to say about it, there never will be. This may seem a trivial matter, but it points up just what I was talking about in the story: the amount of work I have yet to do in bringing a vacation of my vision into my chosen country (I figure I was supposed to be here now, but my story got muddled on the way through the press).

(JUDITH SCHLESINGER, HAMPTON, NS)

Sexual preferences

While many of the members of the Canadian Sex Research Forum (CSRF) could identify with and support many of Dr. Schlesinger's comments (Interview, September 19), we would like to express some of our own perceptions. Though all message, CSRF members and others have done, and are doing, considerably more in this area than is indicated by Schlesinger. Many of us wish we could believe, as Schlesinger states, that Canadians don't "focus so much on the Americans do on the sexual relationship," but we're afraid that much of our experience bears that. There may also be a real danger in equating a desire for "more sort of secrecy left in sexual behavior" with the idea that we need the unknown to thrive in. There would seem to be a vast difference between personal discretion and implying that certain aspects of sexuality are best left untold about and unexplored. We might also wish to quarrel with the suggestion that in talking with men again regarding their relationships that one engages in a context which you win or lose. It is possible to do this on a basis of mutual respect and sharing, providing one does not have a pre-conceived conclusion that is seen as the only place for the discussion to end and which excludes validating the other's point of view. We commend the effort to deal with a difficult but very important topic. LEE HANLEY, PhD, SECRETARY-ELECT, SEXUALITY AND PREVENTION CSRF CANADIAN

Make way for a younger man

You say it's Goodbye to The Old School (October 17) that Dr. John Godfrey is 34 is the youngest president of King's College in Halifax. The second president of the university was the Reverend Charles Porter who arrived in Halifax, from England, in July, 1807. Since he had matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, on April 13, 1799 at the age of 18, he would have been about 17 years old at the time of his assumption of the office of president.

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The gang that couldn't spook straight

Not since the Revault and Messenger scandals of the mid Sixties had there been such an uproar in parliament. The newly installed TV cameras had arrived just in time to spot daily fireworks with scenes from the House of Commons of allegations and counter-accusations and jibes, special debates and wild sidetracks related to one dramatic theme: What have the Royal Canadian Mounted Police been up to and who is responsible? As the long-simmering Montreal question exploded on parliament this month, it laid all the makings of becoming one of the biggest challenges Pierre Trudeau has faced since he became Prime Minister almost 10 years ago.

It's impossible to pin down exactly when and where the tainted began, but if one date stands out it is that new January night of October 6-7, 1973, when the victim Montreal official of a left-wing co-op agency, *L'Agence de Presse Libre de Québec* (ALPQ), were broken into by police from three forces—the RCMP, Québec and Montréal. The faces of that case were kept under wraps for more than three years, until March, 1976. Then the embarrassed Trudeau government began muzzling that the story broke was an "isolated incident"—until last July. That's when Solicitor General Penne



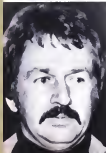
The RCMP on the hunt of illegal jobs, and on the shift of reality in capital. Legend Brodeur and an RCMP officer, flanking Fox (below) tested earlier.

General Penne Fox learned about—but did not make public—two more illicit RCMP actions in Québec in 1972 and named a Royal Commissioner, under Alberta Supreme Court Judge David McDonald, to investigate the force. The gory details of a barn burning and the theft of dynamite finally emerged this month during hearings by a Québec government commission in Montréal, headed by lawyer Jean Kébel.

Just as that news broke, the country was treated to a rapid-fire succession of fascinating events and allegations.

• Fox revealed yet a fourth alleged Montreal action, a break-in and theft of membership lists of the Parti Québécois from a Montreal office in January 1973.

• First Tory MP Elmer Mackay then left party leader Joe Clark, found suspicious electronic devices, possibly bugs—in three parliamentary offices. What was yet to come. While solicitor-general, Warren Alderson sought and obtained from the RCMP a report on a second incident at an RCMP office. That report, Mackay's has learned, involved the discovery on October 17, 1973, of a break-in and the planting of electronic bugging devices in an office into which the RCMP had



Who talks to whom a security primer



moved after the first break-in. MacKenzie has also learned that four men, as yet unidentified, contacted him inactivity have been brought to the attention of the McDonald commission. All five took place in the same 1972-73 time period in Quebec and are related to the Argo. If they are confirmed, that would bring to a close a number of individual undercover operations involving the Mounties in Quebec that have until now been shrouded in mystery. It is also a political cover-up, says there also are allegations against the RCMP from the other side of the coin before McDonald said, some of which "may be found to be true."

One good reason why the Mounties have fallen

What's it all about? Here is a partial list of controversial events that have raised questions about the RCMP's conduct and its relationship with the government.

1971: Break-in at labor union offices in Montreal.

RCMP has been accused of stealing documents and passing information to the Rousselle (Quebec) government in Quebec.

1973: RCMP burned down a barn at St. Anne-de-la-Rochelle, Quebec, to prevent a meeting between the Front de libération du Québec and the St. Lawrence. Operation designed to keep inquiry by a participant in burning, Sergeant Claude Bédard.

April 1974: Secret agreement reached under which the Department of National Revenue gives RCMP confidential information and the RCMP gives the department information obtained by bugging.

Revealed through testimony at Laycraft inquiry in Edmonton.

May/June 1974: RCMP stole dynamite

from a Montreal construction company. The RCMP later abandoned it in a deserted farmhouse and mailed Quebec provincial police, who believed it was left there by terrorists.

Also described to the Keable Inquiry by Bédard.

October 7, 1973: Break-in at Montreal office of Agence de Presse Libre du Québec (APLQ). RCMP used stolen information to compile lists of people "sympathetic" to the left-wing news agency.

Three senior policemen from the RCMP the Quebec provincial police and the Montreal police passed going to supporting break-in but were given unconditional discharges in June 1977.

October 12, 1974: Former RCMP security service director John Starnes told the Montreal office demanding the status of RCMP involvement in the Argo break-in but were given unconditional discharges in June 1977.

October 12, 1974: Former RCMP security service director John Starnes told the Montreal office demanding the status of RCMP involvement in the Argo break-in but were given unconditional discharges in June 1977.

December 3, 1973: Break-in at the RCMP office in Ottawa. Documents were broken into but nothing was missing.

RCMP Argo Bureau asked for a government investigation in patterned this month.

January 6, 1974: Break-in at premises housing Park Oubé's data. RCMP stole

neither approved of, nor knew about, any clandestine activities by the RCMP and, indeed, so far there has been no proof that it did. In the weeks ahead, both Keable's Quebec probe and a slow-starting McDonald inquiry will be hearing testimony under oath from the principal players and it is possible that prosecutors will be convinced by federal officials will be satisfied by police officers who could be on their way to prison.

Of one thing there can be no doubt: the stock of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, out of the nation's enduring mythologies, was in lowest ebb in history—and with the situation in Quebec, possibly at the worst time in history.

On the basis of the sorry record to date, the root of the problem is the 1,900-member Security Service (SS) of the RCMP, formerly headed by John Starnes—a civilian hired for the job by Trudeau—and now under Lt.-Gen. Gerald Michael Dine. Despite an elaborate network of security agencies in Ottawa (see chart), the SS became, in the wake of the October Crisis of 1970, a force unto itself, operating outside the law. Its members of the RCMP command and present members of the Trudeau government are to be taken at their word, do as they tell in their opinion or in political matters what it was doing. The Trudeau government, having ordered the RCMP to stop its domestic surveillance—perhaps after 1970, when the force was fully transformed on domestic terrorism, seemed concerned about its

methods. When the Montreal intelligence started pouring in—bits of alleged subversion in government, lists of suspected "sympathizers"—and lists of members—Trudeau and his ministers didn't bother to ask how the information was obtained. The whole tumultuous debate must be profound—and still unanswered—questions about the constitutional implications of cabinet to oversee and control the day-to-day activities of the national police force, but provided few insights into



Dine is a former of RCMP security service.

computer files with information on party membership.

Acknowledged by Solicitor General Francis Fox in a letter last week.

October 12, 1974: Break-in and bugging of a new office occupied by the RCMP.

Reported by ARGO to be investigated by Keable inquiry.

December 13, 1973: RCMP misled the



Trudeau: good offense as best defense

methods. When the Montreal intelligence started pouring in—bits of alleged subversion in government, lists of suspected "sympathizers"—and lists of members—Trudeau and his ministers didn't bother to ask how the information was obtained. The whole tumultuous debate must be profound—and still unanswered—questions about the constitutional implications of cabinet to oversee and control the day-to-day activities of the national police force, but provided few insights into

office of Nova Scotia doctor, Dr. Ross MacKenzie, over years of alleged harassment including bugging and laying charges.

Provincial judge Leo MacIntyre is to review a report on RCMP conduct soon.

December 10, 1973: RCMP security service director Michael Dine wrote to then Solicitor General Warren Allmand with details of second Argo incident.

Fox has banned the latter a release.

1974: RCMP superintendent J.B. Gauthier is accused of slandering two sergeants. Ron Weisberg and Ken Taylor in department investigation into an alleged political kick-back scheme between the New Brunswick government and private contractors.

Chief Justice Charles Hughes of the New Brunswick Supreme Court is investigating.

December 8-11, 1973: RCMP accused of bugging motel of three Edmonton policemen staying at North Star Inn in Winnipeg.

Then trying to cover up.

December 13, 1973: Suspected bugging devices found in a telephone in Conservative leader Joe Clark's conference room and in the parliamentary office of Conservative MP Derek MacKay.

Origin of devices unknown.

how far the Trudeau administration might be prepared to go in allowing national security concerns to override civil liberties. The key elements in the process.

Robert Samson, a former undercover operative, was sent to Montreal in March 1970, for planting a bomb outside the home of Stenberg's grocery chain president Melvin Delvin. In the course of attempting Samson's mission, but he had done some things for the secret that plant himself—and then revealed his command in the Argo break-in in 1973. Samson subsequently was convicted of the bomb charge and was sent to prison for seven years.

This, according to Trudeau and his ministers, was the first they learned about the bugging in 1972. They asserted that they were not informed by the RCMP. It was certainly the first time the matter became public. The opposition demanded a full inquiry into the affair. But Solicitor General Francis Fox rejected the call.

"The government received repeated and unexplained assurances from the RCMP that the Argo incident was exceptional and isolated."

—June 17, 1977

When MacKenzie, a 30-year veteran of the RCMP and the key figure in the discredited, discredited British diplomat James Cross in 1970, was dismissed from the force on December 6, 1973. The reason given: his association with Montreal businessman Michael Bédard, of the Seagram dynasty who was an organizer of repeated underworld figure Willie O'Brien. As part of the 30-year campaign for reinstatement, MacKenzie's last learned, MacKenzie decided to volunteer information to the federal government about illicit RCMP activities. Last June 23 he met for his last time in Montreal with Philippe Landry, his assistant-deputy attorney general, and Roger Tassé, then deputy solicitor general to Fox (now deputy minister of justice) and revealed for the first time his role in the barn-burning and dynamite thefts.

According to details that emerged before the Keable inquiry this month during testimony by RCMP Sergeant Claude Bédard, MacKenzie headed a special unit known as U-1 which played dirty tricks on suspected terrorists. One of the tactics was to burn down a barn in Quebec's Eastern Townships which was to have been used for a meeting between members of the ARGO and the U.S.-based Black Panthers. The meeting never took place. The unit also stole dynamite from a construction site which, sources stress, was intended to be planted on suspected terrorists. Instead the stolen dynamite their colleagues in the Quebec police force by using money along with the stolen dynamite, which the provincial police then confiscated.

Bédard's recent testimony about RCMP areas and their headed as a result of the Keable inquiry. Reading from a prepared statement said at times almost looking down as he talked of his direction to the force. Bédard presented the picture

of a Mountie whose willingness to take on any task that would get him out of the office and onto the streets. Bédard said: "I was in the office in 1970 or early 1971 if he wanted to join a special unit—G-6—he kept at the chance. The members were chosen, Bédard said, "for their way of seeing things, their availability, their way of reacting in tight situations, their physical resistance—guys who were more opportunistic than administrators."

At one point, Bédard was asked how he reacted to the order to burn the barn. "No reaction," he said. "Why not?" The last guy who reacted in front of MacKenzie was "stunned."

As a result of MacKenzie's revelations to federal authorities last June, Fox announced the formation of the McDonald Commission to examine the Argo incident and the new allegations from MacKenzie. Said Fox: "The ARGO incident, according to those who made the allegations, was not of an isolated and exceptional character."

July 6, 1977

On September 30, two months after reforming the barn-burning and theft to McDonald, Fox also informed Quebec At-

MacKay and his "tag": but who else?



MacKay and his "tag": but who else?



Dirty work at the crossroads—and some other places

While the new drama was building up excitement both in parliament and in the Quebec province's inquiry in Montreal, another Montreal show was continuing its quest, but equally remarkable run in Edmonton. It is the Laycraft inquiry, set up by the Alberta government last spring to find out what happened in one of the Mounties' toughest-ever flops—their bungled investigation of the sexual affairs of Royal American Show (RAS).

Based in Florida, RAS is one of the top tear-gas operators on this continent. Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton were its hot spots on its circuit until the authorities set out to prove that its games were rigged, that millions of dollars were being swindled from its profits to evade taxes and set off local opponents, and that it got away with all this by corrupting police and police officers.

But despite two years of surveillance and watchdogging, despite the seizure of a quarter-ton of evidence by 115 policemen in the largest such raid in Canadian history, it is the RAS that the hunters, who are in Florida, last April, chose "several conduct" in the investigation. Alberta Attorney General Jim Foad dropped charges arising from the 1976 raid and set Justice James Laycraft to unravel a tale of corruption for the law by these wiles to uphold it.

In late 1972, when RCMP and revenue department chiefs were set to retire, an approval for what University of Alberta law professor Burke Barer calls "extensive surveillance" was given. The information to which they were not entitled—namely, information from tax returns, which they are specifically restricted by law from the officers told the cabinet the deal was sealed only at "organized crime, which they did not define."

The Laycraft inquiry has so far revealed:

- That Ed Swartzack, discredited information from the files of persons not identified as "organized crime" and did not inform them "authorized" in the 1972 agreement.
- The Mounties, in turn, repeatedly discredited Swartzack—discreditors not mentioned in the agreement and who were cited only in a two-year inquiry term under Section 176.20 of the Criminal Code.
- In testimony to a justice court in Vancouver, Swartzack denied the existence of his

part venture with the Mounties. Two years later, he has admitted to Judge Laycraft that his testimony was untrue.

The Mounties, in an apparent violation of their conduct with Alberta, withdrew affidavits, denied by its chief law enforcement officer, Jim Foad, who had to put documents under 24-hour armed guard. And Ottawa sources have revealed what may be the most devastating aspect of the whole affair—that Foad had complained that new Mounties not only "denied" the return of embarrassing data, but also kept his department under surveillance, perhaps by bugging, during preparation for the Laycraft inquiry.

Royal American Show, meanwhile, halting since last April, Alberta could not pursue charges because Revenue had seized the evidence and, with new questions, wouldn't let the province see it. Thus for individuals from the United States have founded on writup evidence which is questionable.

And in a final irony, the stories have based on the Mounties. Suppose to have been said now, Corporal Gary Goldhamer, a Vancouver cop, on October 21,

Laycraft: if Ottawa has nothing to tell, then this is the best the fact story can do



1976, saying he obtained a warrant improperly and then executed it. The justice department, nearly two years later, altered to pay damages out of court.

But it is the suspicion of a cabinet cover-up that has transformed this affair into the merely quirky into the farcical. By cabinet decision, provincial attorneys general were not told of the 1972 information-sharing agreement, for the enforcement of which they are constitutionally responsible. Then revenue minister Herb Gray says that with "no criminals would be helped off" inevitably that has been the government's line ever since, although Ottawa's general reputation has been described as criminal. It is said the agreement was available to them "for the asking." How would they know it if they didn't know it? It is said that Foad checked with the justice department before asking the death toll reply. "That is a very important question to which unfortunately, I have no answer."

Laycraft has commented that federal withholding of evidence "they will be usually tell to this inquiry." Fox promised he had "nothing to hide," but since then the inquiry has heard excuses of "national security," "intelligence papers" were not found. A Fox refused to give evidence in a bugging allegation.

That allegation was that inspector Stanley Maduk, chief of the Security Service for Montreal and Northwestern Ontario, illegally bugged three Edmonton police officers who visited Winnipeg on December 10 and 11, 1976. They were to interview persons—including policemen—named in a "payroll list" seized from Royal American Show. The evidence of the bugging, which Foad took to former vice commissioner Mission Nelson, looked weak. But the details, as a federal lawyer charged privately, were a disaster.

The Mounties, granted version. That they may—or may not—have proved that no bugging occurred on a day when name was alleged—December 13, 1976.

Fox told the Commons on June 8 this year that the Mounties' explanation disproved the allegation. But on June 10, the top Mounties in Montreal assistant-commissioner Don Wierup, referred to the Laycraft inquiry that it was "inaccurate and he couldn't substantiate it." Then stopped, after laughing erupted in the courtroom, Maduk had taken a room on the same date, at the same hotel and on the same floor as the Edmonton policemen, by whom was formed an "amusing

coincidence." He said he was "interviewing an informant." Asked why his room was locked from the inside when he said it was empty, he changed his story before saying "That is a question that I had promised to see whether alleged the bugging, but some months after Foad said so he has not said."

If seems typical of the Royal American Show story that the first man to attract the Mounties' attention would attract the first to contradict them. Benjamin "Serge" Meyers and Ed Goggin were the supposed "bugees" who accused the Mounties' suspicions in 1974 by writing



Because of all we do with the phone company, could we check your phone press?

away from western criminals carrying hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash. Meyers was and to the millionaire president of New Horizons of Los Angeles. Goggin ran the Canadian subsidiary. Specialty Manufacturing of Boney Street in Vancouver. Both firms grew rich supplying custody logs as criminal prints.

On October 21, 1976, Corporal Goldhamer led a search and seizure operation on Goggin's Vancouver office. Goldhamer's witness said the room had unexpected evidence, of no offense and that the wall would provide more. No charges of any kind have been laid against either Meyers or Goggin, even though the Mounties told Meyers' Seattle telephone by agreement with the FBI, which is unable to carry on its business, said Corporal Goldhamer and the room for unlawful search and seizure. The suit is still pending but two years later the Mounties have tried no defense.

THEY MEET

senior General Marc-André Bélard of the incident for possible criminal prosecution. Fox rebuts opposition criticism of the two-month delay by saying that federal police officials advised him based on the charges to McDonald. But when it became clear that McDonald would not have his inquiry underway by September, as previously expected, federal officials recommended that he be dropped.

Lucien Gauthier, head of the law firm, attended a special meeting with Fox in Ottawa, on October 21, at which Fox informed the Solicitor General that the Mounties knew had previously

rightfully de-authorized as political interference on the part of the police and what would be the right of the department as a political weapon.

The other way to try to make this dilemma by exercising general control of the Security Service and keeping it out of its day-to-day operations. "If you want to see a police officer, you have to see a police officer," Trudeau, conversely, may have struck a wall of public support with his simple assertion that matters of substance and concern "the law has to be broken technically" by the Security Service. The broader issue is not the police's actions and allegations in what kind of security service, with what powers, do Canadians want the force to have? Inside the Canadian security establishment there is a deep concern that a new security may build up domestic security operations in an age of international terrorism and potential violence in Quebec.

For now, apparently, the speaks and open procedure have gone to their death. With protection of just one among several security offices, says one senior intelligence official, operations in Quebec have passed to a halt. "They aren't even opening a door knob now." ROBERT LEWIS

SHERBROOKE To hell and back

On October 21, a striking, smiling Charles Maron came stumbling out of the woods with Sherbrooke Argos into the arms of his wife. Exhausted, bearded and shivering, he bore all the marks of an 83-day ordeal that had made him the central figure in one of Canada's longest kidnappings. "It began last August when two armed men broke into Mr. Maron's summer cottage. The 57-year-old credit manager of La Caisse Populaire de Sherbrooke Ltd. was dragged off in his own car. His secretary, Alice Verpeux, staying at the cottage for the weekend, was taken to the hotel. She was freed according to her terms, the next day by Maron's wife, Denise. Police spent three million dollars trying to find him. Twice Maron was dropped off. Twice kidnappers escaped with a perfect map, but without a car. It was only after the family rounded up \$50,000 (well below the original ask of \$1 million) by the kidnappers from the credit union.

Maron, in the meantime, had been kept chained in a corner of a basement, left in complete isolation for up to seven days at a time, with an toilet. Once freed, he was whisked off to isolation in a hospital.

After more an extraordinary detour, the Maron kidnapping was full of oddities that quickly made it a drama that was part

• Canada's longest kidnapping was in 1976, when a 57-year-old credit manager, Charles Maron, was kidnapped and held for 83 days. He was freed after a \$500,000 ransom was paid. Sherbrooke Daily Argos photo of Charles Maron taken after his release.



Roseline Morin on the night her brother died, with his headliner in gun at his head: was killed—the mystery begins on

manager's job at the credit union. Although the family slowly denied both charges, questions continue to swirl around them. If Morin was not involved, why did the massive demand suddenly drop from between \$250,000 to \$500,000 just way through the negotiations to a mere \$50,000 paid by the family and not the credit union? Why did Quebec police apparently look reports that they were convinced of Morin's involvement? Morin is reportedly trying to sell his story for \$350,000, but is keeping with the mystery of the case that may merely lead to more questions. **GRANT FRANKER**

QUEBEC CITY

Joseph Clark, Superstar

To the first few days of the new parliamentary session, under the close scrutiny of television, Joe Clark underwent a subtle transformation. Most visible was the appearance of his old, unvarnished, country-style haircut that looked as if he'd just stuck his finger in a socket. In its place, a smooth styled cut sat. That was the result of some very careful image making on the part of the Conservative leader's aides, though Clark himself tries to play down the change. "I was out to a barber shop in Toronto and the barber obviously hadn't taken a look at which way my hair was parted on," he says. "I came out with it parted on the other side." Clark has also been paying extra attention to his dress in the House of Commons ("light colors, blood-red curtains") but the most re-

markable change has been in the crispness and confidence of his speeches and exchanges, in which he has often clearly out-paced Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

It seemed a long time coming (see back), but Clark was on his way back up. While he had not yet regained the dizzying heights of a year ago when he led the Liberals by a double percentage points in the polls, he could say the worst was behind him. As if to confirm this, the party gave him a ringing endorsement at its national convention in Quebec City this month, despite a lackluster speech from the leader. Delegates were determined to support Clark no matter what and less than 75 voted against him in the compulsory leadership ballot (195 supported Trudeau in the late Liberal vote two years ago). Said Clark: "We have got to rein the horses but maintain just of the Conservative Party."

For Clark, the convention represented a remarkable turnaround. Last summer there was so much gnashing in the parliamentary caucus and the party at large about Clark's leadership that there was talk of dumping him even before a general election. That has all changed. "The mood of the convention is a closing of ranks and a journey of faith behind Joe Clark," said Toronto delegate Alex Geddus, who had personally been among Clark's critics. There still may not be a lot of outright enthusiasm for Clark made his own party, but there is at least a growing acceptance of his leadership. "People realize if we're going to do something that shows government is not going to have to get on Clark's Goodbyes," said Gordon Wood, party president in Calgary. Such an area that has been rock to Clark in the past despite his Alberta roots.

Even Alex DeFenbacher, who criticized Clark as recently as its member for "crying around and fighting like 100 loose boxing gloves" instead of attacking Trudeau head on changed his tune. Sharing a platform with Clark at a Tory meeting in Regina in late October, DeFenbacher declared: "I think it's time for the party in every part of the nation to follow Joe Clark, giving a path of determination and defiance."

Clark's new look is a subtle transformation. Most visible was the appearance of his old, unvarnished, country-style haircut that looked as if he'd just stuck his finger in a socket. In its place, a smooth styled cut sat. That was the result of some very careful image making on the part of the Conservative leader's aides, though Clark himself tries to play down the change. "I was out to a barber shop in Toronto and the barber obviously hadn't taken a look at which way my hair was parted on," he says. "I came out with it parted on the other side." Clark has also been paying extra attention to his dress in the House of Commons ("light colors, blood-red curtains") but the most re-

Been down so long it looks like up to him

Only half a year ago the federal Conservative Party was in trouble. Its prospects looked dim in those bleak days after



Clark Before and Clark After: only his leadership known for sure

lost his by-elections, met Jack Horner and Jacques Lavigne, and lost the Liberals and the party took a nose dive in the polls. But on the eve of the Conservatives annual meeting this month, the outlook was much improved and leader Joe Clark took time out for an interview with Maclean's. Here are some highlights.

On being down: It was tough. There

support. "Turning to Clark, DeFenbacher unthinkingly explained away his previous attack on his leadership. "I went across this country thinking the Liberals [of the party] behind you so that we might win the next election and save Canada." The hatcher was behind and the latter outgiving by the

was a very real emotional strain. I had to have things together and pull them together. To a greater degree than in most cases, I had to do it alone. A lot of people were more down than I was, so they were not as much help to me as they are in normal circumstances. But I was convinced we could ride it through."

On recovery: "I'm sure that in the public and maybe in myself there was a question. Okay, this guy was the leader."



Clark Before and Clark After: only his leadership known for sure

entirety of 37, has he got it, can he do it? Coming through a very tough period in fact, I am demoralized, certainly, to outsiders who can say I'm pathetic. I myself—that I can do. I feel much more at ease now than I did earlier. It might have

party's facade, as long as they were, was at an end, at least for the moment.

It is not hard to identify the chief cause of the Conservatives' comeback every day, the party's campaign strategy. After assuming the summer Trudeau's Liberals failed to bring a body in the fall. Nothing seemed to be working for them as they came up on top of the—falling down. But the last few days of the party, I was now the turn from the so-called national unity issue: the government's favorite, but to turn now in Trudeau continued to dig his feet in search of solutions. The promise of competent government, a Liberal trademark, seemed broken. Suddenly Clark and the Conservatives did not look so bad in comparison, and the Liberals were looking themselves for not calling an election in the early fall, when events seemed to be going their way.

That is not to say that Clark's improved fortune came easily from government

been capable of more months on the job, that I was able to get a fairly good rest (as Coles Coward says in [my] interview), or the fact of surviving a tough test."

On future: Some of the problems that are traditional to a Conservative leader are behind us now—or across from me on the other side. "I think I was never concerned about the leadership vote. I based on it as an opportunity for the party to continue some momentum. Party in reaction to the speculation that there would be some unusual problem there. A lot of individual Conservatives, including members of the caucus, were out making sure that nothing broke was done at the annual meeting."

On image politics in the TV era: "I don't worry overly about that. I'm more concerned about the content. I buy a lot of light colors bleeds under cameras. If you're buying a suit, you buy a solid color. Thankful. I can still wear most of my suits because I was buying those colors anyway."

On winning in Quebec against Liberals: "They're very strong there and we're still not as well organized as we should be there. My identification in Quebec is much higher than any of my predecessors. I know that is a limited claim (but) by the time the election comes, I feel I probably be able to be of more help to my candidates than a national Conservative leader from outside that province has been in the past."

On issues for Quebec: "We have to sound the alarm about that, that are general across the country. The economy, in competence, which is as much the case of the Liberals, they've been seen as the competent party, and now that's beginning to wear down. Socialism and this whole new business are part of it."

mistake. He has made some of the right moves himself, including primarily the hiring of Lowell Murray, former deputy premier of New Brunswick, as a senior aid, as the party's campaign director. "I know how you can run a province government," he says. His job apparently began teaching his leader Clark's public relations how to become much longer of late. He called Trudeau "a cowardly" for example, for failing to take Quebec's language legislation, Bill 101, to Supreme Court, and he deliberately borrowed vocabulary from Watergate ("cover-up, mislead") to describe government actions after the fact.

Clark and the Conservatives also seemed better prepared than the Liberals for the introduction of television in parliament. They got coaching on what to wear and how to face the camera and it showed in the opening days with several unflattering shots of him of video tape before parliament opened and watched the results in a Toronto studio. The main purpose of the taping was to produce some



Deputy Don Wilson and St. John's mayor Clark-butting into him to his leader



Former leader Robert Clark registers in Quebec City: hold the olive

slips for the coming election campaign. But it also helped Clark end his poor form on TV. "Mr. Clark is now very comfortable in front of a barrage of television cameras," says Peter Swain, the Toronto advertising executive who arranged the taping.

Besides the imagery of politics, Clark has also worked hard on bringing the Conservatives' warring factions together. This month's convention for example, was very carefully managed to avoid any bloody confrontations. "Individual Conservatives, including members of the caucus, were not making sure that nothing looked was done," confides Clark. The policy discussions were so unstructured as to be banal and there were no votes on specific resolutions, which have a habit of embarrassing parties in election time. Even the race for party president, usually a better struggle between the Conservative left and right, anti-Defrenbaker and pro-Defrenbaker factions, was a tame affair won by Mona Scott, not Bob Coates. A 29-year veteran, he who once wrote *Le Book* (*The Night Of The Keweenaw*) depicting the dumping of Defrenbaker. Coates would stand, certainly have been opposed by someone from the party's left wing as previous conventions. Indeed, Balcer Garg (whose Coates described in his book as an "assault") wrote in his newspaper columns before the convention: "This is a party that the Party party has become so feeble that it cannot find among its membership someone for the future rather than someone out of the past."

Drooping the show of unity, the success of the "new" Joe Clark and the stumbling of the government, the road to victory will come easy for the Conservatives. They are still leading the polls and their Achilles' heel, Quebec, remains as exposed as ever. Barely 15% of the 1500-odd delegates and alternates at the Quebec City convention came from Quebec. Claude Wagner, Clark's Quebec lieutenant, who absent due to a serious illness and may not run a year in the next election. Rick LaSalle, the party's only other French-speaking member, a poor substitute who could turn out to be

more of an embarrassment than an asset to the party because of his leaning toward the Parti Québécois.

To beef up the Quebec presence at the convention, the Conservatives imported Rodrigue Biron, leader of the Union Nationale, as a guest speaker. He told his hosts, in effect, to adopt a "two nations" policy for Quebec. They tried this approach in 1982, with disastrous results, and are unlikely to go back on it. Yet they must say something new to improve their standing in Quebec (now down to three seats) dramatically if they are to win a national election. Perhaps with this in mind, Clark outwitted his party on the eve of its convention as to become overconfident because it had had some recent successes. "We start any election behind," he warned. "We only win if we're better and we work harder."

BYRON GOODMAN

OTTAWA

Punishment without tears

Canadian prisons are grossly overcrowded, no one will argue with that. And government has an increasing tendency to prosecute rather than punish crime. But, too, a generally acknowledged. So the debate over penal reform has moved beyond recognition of these shortcomings. It now turns what alternatives are proposed.

Somewhere during the current session of parliament, an amendment bill amending the Criminal Code will be introduced, laying down the ground rules for penal reform. The underlying creed, says Justice Minister Ron Fisher, is to avoid exposing every offender to the full weight of the criminal justice system, which "can be compared to running over a fly with a steamroller." So while the government plans to reduce inmate overcrowding by spending \$347 million on state new penitentiaries, it will also be officially adopting two options to imprisonment—restorative and community work orders.

Several provinces, and even the federal

government, have been experimenting with both these concepts—paying back the victim of a crime with work or money, or providing volunteer help in the community—and there have been many successes. In Ontario, for instance, a 14-year-old boy who stole a university light agreed to do 37 hours of outdoor maintenance work on campus. The university was so pleased with his work ethic that it hired him for the summer. In Montreal, Quebec, however, an elderly man convicted of shoplifting did volunteer work at a senior citizens' home. His loneliness was eased by loneliness and his record remained clean as he continued to work at the home.

Restorative is opposed to imprisonment, has advantages not only for the offender but for the victim as well, who often tends to lose out in the criminal process. The taxpayer also stands to gain as it costs about \$40 a day to keep a prisoner, compared to an estimate of \$3.35 on a community work order. Noting this disparity, a recent report from a parliamentary subcommittee on penitentiaries in which the 13 mm agreed unanimously stated: "Before moving into a multi-million-dollar, noncustodial program, let's really and more productive alternatives should be tested."

The federal government is already funding some 40 projects diverting offenders from the movement of the courts, but it has been moving cautiously since the active legitimacy of work orders and restorative remains in question until the planned Criminal Code amendments are introduced. On top of that, even the most vocal champions of these reforms advise caution. Warns Richard, "It must not be seen as a cheap source of workers which would upset the labor community, nor as some form of slavery." In Calgary, Judge Herman Linker recognizes that courts have a "kind of black magic aura," especially to juveniles. But he warns against diverting offenders into alternatives that can be mediated by people outside the judicial establishment. Says Linker: "The problem is it's an unorthodox system with no right of appeal."

JULIANNE LABRECQUE

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Quebec: end of Year One

A report on the state of a nation-in-progress

By Graham Fraser



On November 15, 1976, Canada entered a new era. In the year since, the unthinkable has become suddenly conceivable: English Canadians who had been giving vent rarely to their anger about being seldom suddenly stopped dead: the game had changed; the stakes were different, and the fate of the country was being questioned. For the first time since the October crisis, English Canadians looked at Quebec with fresh eyes.

In Quebec itself, it seems like much more than a year since that chilly, rainy November day and the long night I lived with cheer and hoarse hymns. During that day René Lévesque had gone around his speech about riding of Tullon, giving notes for three possible speeches that night. One he called "A Moral Victory" about 22 seats. Another was for "A Political Victory" 80 to 65 seats. He worked for some time on this one, it was what he expected—to head a strong opposition. Finally he wrote "The Miracle"—but he didn't write anything down.

That night, shortly after 10 p.m., he

A year after the PQ victory brought political separation from Canada does not appear particularly clear, but the Lévesque government—and Lévesque himself—did show its humanitarianism by dropping all charges against Mergenshtaler (top right), the university by renouncing a statue of Maurice Duplessis (bottom right), and an ability to murder, as Lévesque did when he addressed the Economic Club of New York (that's David Rockefeller and Governor Hugh Carey with him) in January



made his way slowly through the massive crowd in Paul Sauvé Arena in the east end of Montreal. Struggling, he tried to get the crowd to let him speak. It took a long time. "I think... I think" he began more than twice, his voice breaking with emotion. Finally, the crowd let him continue. "I don't think I've ever been so proud to be a Quebecer."

That night 69 Parti Québécois posters were nailed to the crowd; in recent years, the government was to get another two seats (71 out of 100). During the year that followed, as 71 PQ members learned what it was to be a government, Quebec has

been charged with a new kind of political maneuvering. It has been a year so packed with words and images, policies and positions, that it is difficult to summarize the mix.

The images are complex, often contradictory; it is a complex government filled with contradictory elements. It is a government run by men with virtually no experience in business but with strong views about the economy, a government that immediately dropped charges against abortionist Henry Magaziner, and created a statute to the late reactionary Maurice Duplessis, a government that ordered people of an extraordinary range of

ideology from the left-wing of the party to right-wing conservatives, gathered together tonight for the nation's anniversary of "homage to the nation."

Others like the head case in the parable describing the elephant as the basis of what they can feel, can be woefully incomplete in their analysis.

The Parti Québécois promised good government, one of the symbols of the election campaign was the promise of a \$600 million fund, it had delivered a lot of money to the province, five days for senior citizens, an end to pornography in the law, plans for a comprehensive automobile insurance scheme, a speedy-clear election financing law, major cuts in government borrowing.

But there have all been overshadowed, in part because of the intense emotions involved in the very existence of the Parti Québécois and its goal of political independence for Quebec, and in part because of the government's major decision of the first year: to tackle the explosive language issue. For non-French Canadians and op-

Laurels if the worst rather than Lévesque wanted, Lévesque didn't sleep his



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ponents of the government, the question of language legislation has been intransigent, disrupting the district with which the business community greets the new government and the language minorities that make up 20% of Quebec's population.

It is still too soon to say whether the shock of \$600 billion will enable Quebec to break free of the mire that has plagued its politics for 80 years and contributed to the defeat of the two previous governments, or whether it will leave it even more tangled and bitter than before. Likewise a punting that the province can absorb the legislation in the first year of the mandate and

move on to things he considers more important. It is a very big gamble.

The other great unknownable and enjoyable question is trying to evaluate the government's performance in the economy. With the dollar dropping and unemployment rising across the country, it is difficult to blame the Parti Quebecois and the Quebec government for all the province's economic ills. L'Espresso informed the government of a province that had acquired 53% of the increased unemployment that had occurred in Canada in the previous two years, a borrowing requirement of \$1.4 billion and a budgetary deficit

of one billion.

On the positive side, Statistics Canada reports that Quebec investment will increase by 14.5% as compared with 10.5% in the rest of Canada, a six-day low through which are down 60% this year and Quebec has kept its unemployment on a downward trend, although it had to pay a premium on its Quebec Hydro borrowing.

On the negative side, unemployment rose to 18.5% in July (national average 16.5%).



Parsons: the idea is to drink smart

Let's go back to the 1970s for the whisky business is upset about the changes in the liquor laws and new policies about the liquor laws. But more than any specific act or piece of legislation, the later impact of the results of November 15 was a crushing experience for the business community. In a flash, a government of strongmen, strong men, moreover, who had been working to build a party designed to create Quebec's independence. In the aftermath of the election, the Royal Bank transferred its international money department and Canadian Pacific transferred some of its accounting



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AIR CANADA 40
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department to Toronto; the mini-conglomerate Warnock Hervey International left Quebec as did the engineering firm Combustion Engineering. Superheated. All head offices in Montreal have been converted by the language legislation.

But the head offices have a very weak bargaining position from which to deal with the new government. They are caught in a vicious circle that is partly of their own making. The economic theory of the Parti Québécois—as first formulated by Jacques Parsonson and developed by Bernard Landry and Rodrigue Tremblay—is that the so-called "head office industry" is moving west and has been since the Second World War. It is a catastrophic phenomenon, that has afflicted Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore to the advantage of Atlanta, Houston, Fort Worth and Los Angeles. In Canada, Halifax, Quebec, City and Montreal have suffered a little. Toronto, gone, and now Calgary and Edmonton are bleeding. This being the case, the theory goes, the Quebec government should concentrate on helping small-sized business. Big business is leaving anyway, they argue so Quebec should try

to scale down its economy to its own needs and concentrate on trying to develop more economic self-sufficiency. Thus, the government has chosen to deal as trying to help the weak sectors of the economy—small business, and so on.

As a result when a major company threatens to move its headquarters out of Quebec, unless the language law is changed, the government officials tend to react coolly—even though Camille Lévesque assured businessmen that it does not see the departure of the head offices as the price of the language policy. Since they list, for example, that the Canadian bank-

ing industry is centralizing in Toronto they assume that the Royal Bank and the Bank of Montreal are not threatening to leave for political reasons. But the reverse, since market pressures encourage them to leave, it is politics that is keeping them in Quebec in the long term they may be right. But in the short term, this approach has led to an over-reliance on the role of department, a slow-down in investment and an increase in layoffs.

Personally, René Lévesque is thriving as premier. Power agrees with him. He still studies just as much and stays up as late, but, to the amusement of his friends, now

Johnson takes a "big" or "whipping-bag"?



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ances at the office between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m. A most renowned for his habitual lateness as a minister and as party leader. We has surprised his staff with more as premier by keeping his appointments.

Although the atmosphere of new identity has subdued somewhat, his personal popularity is extraordinary for a man who has been a politician for 11 years and a TV star for several years before that. It is difficult to imagine any other politician able to emerge with his personal reputation intact from a fatal auto accident at 4 a.m. when driving his private executive home. And yet the political impact of last February's accident is negligible.

After the accident, the man who was one of the most honest critics inside the Parti Québécois before the election have been impressed. "I must say, I was one of those making gloomy predictions about how he would operate as premier," admits assistant secretary-general for parliamentary affairs, André Falarque. Larouche is a former member of the Parti Québécois executive and ran against Lévesque for president of the party in 1971 as a representative of the so-called "left" of the party. "I was expecting that he would be sitting on his thumbs all the time, always on their backs, and never giving them any leeway. But it's the reverse. Not as was the case with Bédard, passing the buck be-

Charron at the outset he seemed the least likely to succeed, but he has



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case of weakness, but really delegating responsibility, leaving the ministers to develop their own program. I've been amazed."

The contrast between a man who was once and often mistreated by disapproving when he was head of a political party in opposition and now opposition critic, most wary of himself, and prepared to delegate authority with head of a government is explained by his close friend and chief of

and is generally over-imposed with experience. He is happy by his own experience. He is obviously interested in newspapers which has meant that he is not only given there some such weight (he is quoted heavily in newspaper quotations in his only speech in the Assembly on Bill 111), he argues about coverage, quotes at length from articles he considers unfair—and also one tried to explain Le Breton's treatment of an economic story he considered overplayed by saying that, perhaps the handling was due to French-Canadian inexperience in writing about the economy.

Politically, Lévesque was a tightrope. He heads a party that is united around the ambiguous goal of "interparty-cooperation," and it appears to members he is wary about that goal by a more radical to discuss what it means. Behind that objective the party divides between left and right, the extreme nationalists and the moderates. (The ideological members of the Parti Québécois can be seen clearly enough by looking at the proven political allegiance of its members. In the government, there are ex-Conservatives, ex-Union Nationale members, ex-Liberals, ex-Quebecers and ex-members of the Parti Socialiste



Source: the gambled big—and lost big

staff Jean-Roch Boivin. "Fundamentally he hasn't changed," says Boivin. "Those who are surprised now live in a particular period. He is a man who was power as an instrument to do things and a person who, without a word, at his age, with the heavy odds that these were against achieving power, he was terribly impulsive."

In some ways, René Lévesque has the strengths and weaknesses of a journalist—as he pointed out recently, he was for longer than he has been a politician. The strengths are his skill as a communicator and his intuition—a deeply felt gut sense of the popular mood and a palpable skill in communicating with the public.

The weaknesses are, however, considerable. He is ill at ease with men behind

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de Québec)

As head of the government, he is caught between ideological pressures from the party and pragmatic demands of the electorate. His cabinet reflects an ideological range almost as broad as the party, from industry minister Rodrigue Tremblay on the right to Social Affairs Minister Denis Lavoie on the left—with the possibility of a wide range of pragmatic technocrats.

Faced with these pressures, and caught between old policy constraints and demands for change, the administration has skirted and swooped, seeming to move in several directions at once ideologically. Labor Minister Pierre Marc Johnson presented an anti-sweat law that delighted labor and then introduced regulations of hiring that it then rescinded in 1989. The Natural Resources Minister Yves Bérubé blamed the unions for the closure of the Consolidated-Bathurst plant at Cap de la Madeleine—and then a few days later made public the plan to acquire Alcanium Corporation.

Because of the precarious situation of the government, the major reforms of the last year have been unopposed: the language law, the reform of electoral districts, and plans that will far exceed of complete revision.

Lavoie in his first appearance after the fatal car accident (below) and got himself a new car (above) unscathed.



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Lévesque is above all a pragmatist, and in the more pragmatic of his traits, it is also valued most highly in his government. His introduction of zero-tolerance cabinet system, with a previous introduction consisting of five ministers of state with long-range planning and coordination responsibilities plus Interdepartmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin and Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau, appears to have worked: most of the senior ministers seem to have performed as expected. Of the lesser known ministers, there have been some impressive performances, and some disappointments.

The most unanimously praised has been Natural Resources Minister Yves Duroché, who has developed a quick mastery of the field. Others who have won respect have been Public Service Minister Denis de Belleval, Transport Minister Lucien Lévesque (he was originally slated to give up Transport to make room for Pierre Marc Johnson, but he headed a sudden stroke with such poise the plan was dropped), and, in everybody's opinion, Claude Charbon. Before the election, Lévesque and Charbon were barely on speaking terms because of Charbon's criticism of Lévesque's leadership and Charbon was given the more painful job of youth recreation and sports. But Charbon's energy, en-



Yves Duroché emerging as a *Testosterone's Hero*.

thusiasm and skill in working with civil servants has made an impression.

A number of other cabinet ministers took a long time to adjust to government. Minister of Industry Rodrigue Tremblay quickly became a laughing stock by announcing opinions that were then contradicted by cabinet. Jean Gauthier seemed to flounder as Minister of Agriculture. Denis Lacombe, the Minister of Social Affairs, made some serious remarks that stirred up the medical profession against him. Others are on serious trouble. Jacques Chénard, a well-known, talented and energetic member of the labor field as Minister of Labor, and despite his reputation with managers is hopelessly in a lack of administrative experience as Minister of Immigration. "His office is a shambles," grumbled one official.

The greatest disappointment in the Lévesque cabinet has been Louis O'Neill, Minister of Culture. Almost with dignity in some circles because of his attack on the Duplessis government in 1986, he has proven to be unimaginative and inflexible and pompous and has provoked a scathing attack from independent writer Victor-Lévy Beauchamp in *Le Devoir*. When O'Neill replied, he replied alone; there was no sign of anyone trying to help his defense.

This is the other side of the coin in Lévesque's dealings with his cabinet. He delegates power—and he delegates the

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me. He has gone with it. Staying clear of the risk and shapshot. Two members in particular have seemed to play the role of scapegoat during the last year. Members of State for Cultural Development Camille Lussier, Minister of the Language Division and Minister of State for Parliamentary Reform and House Leader Robert Bourne responsible for savings in the Assembly, the election financing law and the white paper on reformations.

By leaving the language policy to Lussier, Lévesque has been able to virtually disassociate himself from the policy, contrary to his own entanglements with the clause

that forces Canadians from other provinces to send their children to French schools, and that the law will be called into question by giving lessons the portfolio and responsibility. Lévesque must have known the probable result: the two men have disappeared from language since 1990. They are not done—they will end other "Mr. Lévesque" and "Dr. Lussier"—but they have a great deal of respect for each other.

The other approach, sequestration, Bourne, was excluded as the only serious boss of the government national during the year: a parliamentary maneuver in withdrawing

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Centre: already a two-time loser

Bill O'Neil and replacing it with Bill 104—the amended language law. The maneuver, elaborately designed to end debate with our imposing caucus, backfired and resulted in an embarrassing schism in the Assembly. Throughout the disastrous week Lévesque refused oral questioning, leaving Bourne to cope with the issue (even though the strategy had been worked out with Lévesque's chief of staff at the time, Louis Bernatchez) and then, after the fun was over, distanced himself from the fracas, saying the procedure "had not been the greatest discovery of the century."

Since then there has been furious suggestion that Bourne has been asked and found wanting. Suddenly, Lévesque seemed not unlike Lester Pearson, admired and loved by those close to him in government, but showing a ruthless streak beneath the lovable exterior. Pearson's cabinet ministers were given great loyalty—but when they ran into trouble in the House, to Walter Gordon and Guy Frenette asunder, they were on their own and Pearson was somewhere else.

Ironically this has not been a government that has conformed. Oursen. Certainly, the level of public credit has reached new heights between Ottawa and Quebec City, but in terms of actual demands on Ottawa there have been very few. In contrast with the Lange government, the Johnson government, and even the Boissonneau government, the day-to-day dealings between Ottawa and Quebec City

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on a pragmatic level have been very smooth. The reason is simple. In contrast with the Lange, Johnson and Bourassa administrations, Lévesque's government is committed to negotiating sovereignty-independence at some point in the future; it is not prepared to waste energy and compromise future negotiations by haggling over petty details now.

What the Lévesque government is focusing its attention on is strengthening the system in the areas in which it does have jurisdiction. With the creation of the new minister of state, a new emphasis on long-range planning has been established. Québec is concentrating on developing an energy policy, action attention is being given to the interrelationship of public transit and regional planning. The education system is being reexamined, and a new back-to-basics emphasis on academics is being applied.

But the most long-reaching, across-the-board commitment that the government has made has gone unannounced and virtually unnoticed. During the last campaign, Lévesque talked several times about the need to decentralize the government bureaucracy. A cliché in the arsenal of criticisms of his government it was not a promise many people took seriously. The words have been set in motion for a major transformation of the structure of government.

It went through decentralization; not just moving offices out of Québec City but decentralizing decision-making. At the end of the summer, Lévesque set up an inter-ministerial committee which he charged himself to begin a program of decentralization. The result—in spite of the often very conservative reflex of the government—will be a tremendous strengthening of the role of government in planning, coordination and provision of growth and development. As the private sector becomes so intent in Québec, government intervention can only continue to see itself as needed.

In the months to come, the Lévesque government—like every other—will be wrestling with attempts to get the economy on some kind of upswing.

Robert Bourassa attributes his defeat principally to the combination of inflation and unemployment which lasted three years. If the trend continues—and most of the talk to combat that trend are not in the hands of any provincial government—the Parti Québécois may well suffer the same fate. The short-term economic conditions will play a key role in deciding the outcome of the referendum and the next election, however, regardless of the outcome of either vote, the changes that the Parti Québécois government will make in Québec—its language legislation, the election financing rules, the structure of government.

the decentralization—many of which are not yet visible, will be irreversible. Like the changes wrought by the Lange government elected in 1980, the transformation that begins on November 15, 1976 will not be undone regardless of any referendum, or decision. A new phase has been entered.

Lévesque in a familiar pose: some old René, only punchier.



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Our Lady of the Causes

Who's afraid of Simma Holt? Nearly everybody

By Judith Timson

Some might have thought it a contradiction in terms. Simma Holt, sporting in the World Congress on Mental Health? There is not, quite, quite of her husband critics would claim, an obvious connection between Simma Holt and mental health. Hasn't she been called a kook? Described as hysterical? Labeled the Liberal backslider and likely to explode? Yet here she is in a cozy August Vancouver afternoon, bustling into a dining room at the University of British Columbia, a little person of a woman, 45 minutes in her pale pink fur Ultrasuede jacket, all set to drop her usual bundle of bombshells on a scintilla of unsuspecting social workers, therapists and prison staff who have come to hear a discussion entitled "Prison, Society and the Future."

With just enough to feel sure to give the impression that is being propelled across the room by the sound of her own voice, Simma plunks herself down at the front table and as the first speaker is introduced, automatically goes to work doing something she has done for the past 30 years: she viciously takes notes, until, after a scholarly low-key address by a Scandinavian doctor on the points of modern day imprisonment, Simma is given the floor. To say that she delivers a speech is not to do her or even justice. She leads the speech across the room, she plays it down on vulnerable heads she flings it scatters it and by God bewilder it until one can detect an entire audience of reasonable people hunkering down, no open impressionability, in their chairs, going into a group hug.

A young blond woman stares uncomfortably down at her hands, then looks up toward the door. An older man shakes his head and laughs once, softly. It is the woman usually one of control? In fact, she is 12 minutes. Simma Holt, like a monomaniac gone berserk in a room with no exits, has changed direction 36 times. She has informed the "poor kids" from New York and Haight (which she pronounces hoght) Ashbury, slighted on "hundreds of letters from death row," accused she has been "a self out of prison like a warren," lauded about the rape trial hangover, intoned "a woman's body is a sacred thing" (and did you know it's not a crime to rape a promiscuously buzzed through her position on capital punishment? "I am one who favors it because I do not believe in death is the worst" "just"—for dramatic emphasis—read from a startling, if somewhat incomprehensible letter written by a man who is told another man after he called her girl a whore.



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"She may have been a woman but she had no right to say so," read Sima. "Blood gushed from her head," read Sima. "And do you know he loved her whether it be the day she died?" read Sima. On top of all this, Sima did not forget to address herself to the tapes at hand. She flew into the tape she did say. "The day we accept the fact that they [prisoners] are not for rehabilitation, but for punishment and protection of society." Well, that is about "Prison, Society and the Future" isn't it? At any rate, it was not entirely predictable that the first question from the audience was directed, not toward the criminal doctor but to Sima Holt, now was it a surprise that the question had hostile overtones: why did she think belonging to a party with a philosophy that had helped to create this man was any kind of atonement? Well Sima's reply was an eloquent, a classic capsule of whatever political philosophy she has—and a statement of her present purpose in life as the Liberal Member of Parliament for Vancouver-Kingsway. "The Liberals have been in power two-thirds of the history of this country and it's a darn good country. But they've made a few mistakes and I thought I'd go to Ottawa to do it right."

Attempting to defuse Sima Holt may only become a national pastime. "I've absolutely convinced Sima Holt will go down in history as one of Canada's best and greatest characters—and I don't mean that in the popular sense. She is a truly unique person."—Lisa Hultin, Vancouver Sun writer, former colleague and dear friend of Sima Holt.

"She works for people, she doesn't work for institutions, she doesn't work for great attention. She helps people and this is what community is all about helping each other."—Primo Travolta, the Primo Minister, who is said to be slightly afraid of Sima Holt.

"You understand that by not talking to me about Sima, if she doesn't like the word of your story, she will swear not a word to anyone you that will last the rest of your life. At every opportunity she will tell your name into himself... and if she gets the chance, she'll run you down with her car."—Margaree Nichols, Washington correspondent for The Vancouver Sun, and was a close friend of Sima's, although Sima refused to speak to her for two years at the time because she wouldn't put the name.

You have to realize that Sima Holt lived the first 30 years of her professional life as a Los Lane model. Back in the days when men were men and women were housewives, Sima was a newspaper reporter, the darling—and the scourge—of The Vancouver Sun, because to which she came as a naive and curious young girl after graduating from the University of

Manitoba and working briefly for The Canadian Press. She had been brought up in northern Alberta's Vegreville, a heavily Ukrainian hamlet in which her Russian Jewish parents had had to escape the pogroms. One of eight children, Sima adored her mother, who used to add such her talkative daughter: "On your mind, Sima, but not on your head." Sima didn't know her law (but, a short-sighted man with whom she did not always get along, warned her: "Expect to be hurt every day of your life." She listened to that. Today, although more cautious about it, she still talks angrily about anti-Semitism in the House of Commons, still wonders occasionally in her private life whether serious people do not like her because she is a Jew. Once she felt compelled to ask a colleague whether she had been left off the guest list at a party at his home because she was Jewish. There were other unexplained humiliations, the kind that come from being the wrong race in a world of two tribes: Clark Kent.

Almost single, then, she famously filed notebook after notebook with story material. Soon, the bylines got bigger and the national awards and recognition followed. She was living the Front Page fantasy, becoming second news, and her colleague, Ash Harkin, like "Marty Wolfe on speed," providing hints for unwashed neo-nazis, sleeping spurs on the floor for hotel hippies, sympathy for drug-madness addicts,



In July, 1978, recovering from a terrible injury, Holt (inbed) told the *Commerce* on crutches to vote for capital punishment.

at her time she lived at least three men from the gallery and received the congratulations of two convicted killers: "Simma Holt Rascal, Simma Holt Revolt, Simma Holt Discover, Simma Holt Gas, A Real Scam, Simma Holt Angry, Simma Holt's Christmas Party." The party is well preserved in photocopies. Sima Holt made big news. And she got her stories the old-fashioned way, by pounding the pavement.

When she left the Sun in 1974, at the urging of ex-Senator Ray Brown, to run for the Liberals in the upcoming federal working-class riding of Vancouver-Kingsway (previously for most of its 34 years by the son, later by the well-respected Grace MacLachlan) her mostly male colleagues gave her a moving send-off—almost an endorsement in a day. "An effort to get her out of the newsroom," says Allan Fotheringham, who had himself written back then that those who voted for Sima Holt "should know they're going to get 1,155" journalists on the news desk used to joke that they would campaign feverishly (at least with paper bags over their heads to conceal their identity) to send Sima to Ottawa, which after all was a blessed 1,800 miles away. Three days would be "Fast Simma Holt—Please!" It wasn't that anyone actually hated Sima; it was just that they had grown tired of her constant bawling, always a cause, always a case, always an argument. "She tries to be a whirlwind, what her taste of justice," says Lisa Hultin, who adds curiously, "and it doesn't matter if it's good or bad, it's Sima's!"

On the night she was elected by 1,381



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even over the line, Seneca Holk suddenly told her supporters, "Everything in my life has built up to this. I feel it is my duty to Canada, my duty to keep it free."

Unfortunately, some of the things Seneca did to keep Canada free were not exactly what the Liberals had in mind. There was, for example, her insistence that drug peddlers who trafficked in but did not use drugs themselves should be dealt capital punishment. (And if she could turn their back books any time, she'd make liquor illegal as well.) Seneca Holk is not a connoisseur. And so she was one of 39 Liberal backbenchers in vote against abolition, an act of faith, she felt, on behalf of her con-

stituents. There was also, in the spring of 1979, her widely publicized crusade against the *Time*-*Reader's Digest* bill. Cutting off special tax concessions to the reference publications would "take us in an old friend and ally," (She used to write for *Digest*, but presumably the friend she was referring to was the U.S. government.) She even wrote so far as to call her fellow Liberals "immoral and vindictive" in their attitude toward the American publications. (Incidentally, a strong focus as to opinion here that Seneca also took off after Maclean's, saying its editors were "into a vindictive, narrow, Toronto-based journalism that ends on River Street.")

Smart Leggett, the vice-president of the National New Westminster, has been asked several times to comment on Seneca Holk—and each time he goes more reluctant. "Her anti-Canadian nationalist stance has been very destructive of the Canadian identity," says Leggett, who also has been known for "tying himself to the Liberals and then pretending that's part of the Opposition." But Leggett, who served with Seneca on the parliamentary subcommittee investigating prisons (where someone else involved with the committee disavowed her behavior as "hysterical, a whirling dervish of loose-joint bombast") declines to attack her personally. "She's an active personality," he says, giving her full marks also for the way she works—hard. Leggett points out too that it is especially difficult to be an MP from across-the-board traveling, the seeming to keep in touch with the constituency while working in the day, for different worlds of Ottawa makes for a schizophrenic existence.

Margaret Nichols, who used to be the *Forces* Star's Ottawa bureau chief, says she will go so far as to say that "there was a backbreaker in Ottawa, who works harder than Seneca Holk. She practically lives down in the parliamentary library. She treats every letter from a constituent like a newspaper deadline—they all have to be answered the same day." Nichols, who is herself a very thorough reporter (she makes Seneca's material in "carefully researched") This may have been true for part of her writing career. She has written those books, the first of which, *Terror in the Name of God*, is the definitive work on the Deathbushers in Canada, the other two books, *Sex And The Teen Age Revolution* and *The Devil's Sister* (about motorcycle gangs), are embarrassingly bad. But it is not the case with a little pamphlet the writer is an art to prove it. Publishing the laws against marijuana. Called *Canada: Word Of Wise*, the 11-page booklet with the government motto on the front is described by Dr. John McNeill, professor and chairman of the Division of Pharmacology and Toxicology at the University of British Columbia, as "incredibly accurate," as well as "highly accessible, understandable and word." McNeill says the pamphlet was sent to him by a colleague in 1975 "short after the opium—well, here's your chance for the day." His advice is to get a little bit under the collar when he reads such bold assertions that cannabis had been used "to release prisoners—right up to assassination." Seneca Holk, says McNeill, has employed "sensational half-truths, all the old chestnuts" (and a few new ones, such as blaming Charles Manson and his associates to the point of just to write a pamphlet "that any high school student would laugh at.") The pamphlet is now assumed to Seneca's comfortable records on a bill that never made it into law.

If Seneca's was a painful reckoning taken in a job in Ottawa, which it appeared to



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have been, along with some of her earlier claims—such as the one made a year ago that there was a 30-year-old justice barman at Vancouver leading a pack of 100 young outlaws—her fight against the small business of a French-language television station so her home province was not granted so lightly. She objected to an American station being bumped to make way for the French station which she felt wouldn't solve any of the Anglo-French problems anyway. "We were really mad," says one Frenchman who refuses to lend his name to an attack on a fellow Liberal backbencher. "She is not the most popular backbencher with the French-Canadian members."

The French station has been operating for more than a year now. Seneca says she does not care that she has made a few enemies. "If they don't like it, it's their problem. I have to live with myself."

Seneca may have briefly thought her battles with media chieftains were over the day she left the Vancouver Star newsroom, but she quickly realized she had merely moved on to another front. "She's like a bloody hot plate that goes in ahead of the others and strafes the rest's club in Ottawa," glooms Lisa Hobbs. Some of it is there for the record: Seneca once gave Conservative MP Sean O'Sullivan hell in the House for calling her an "Honourable

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The artist struggles on

Arnold Spohr made Winnipeg famous. It didn't reciprocate By John Ayre



The office of Arnold Spohr, artistic director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, is the farthest point inside the nine complex from the think-outside-the-box on Portage Avenue. Whatever that means scribbles in it's a standard hard climb-up several flights of stairs, through windowless corridors, past crowded rehearsal halls, up another flight of steps along a gallery and finally the office. In tune with the rest of the building, a

divided-up co-furniture emporium, with bulging pipes, smoky floors and hand-to-hand passing fluorescent lights, Spohr's somewhat pitiful-looking desk is the best of offices of a failed 1980s-era producer, right down to the disheveled director's chair with his name on it. There's a tiny window, one of the very few in the building, a boway floor which magnifies the sounds of dancers rehearsing below: a huge boxing ring

which makes a creditable angle with right over his desk and a tacky glass drapes in a corner which serves as his closet. The movable "just so you, Arnold" night by 10 glasses cover verily by three walls.

Spohr himself was sitting behind the desk in a blue denim leisure suit with a large toothpick stuck in his right lip. The man himself seemed to be friendly and up beat, reassuring all the Arnolds

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Spoker putting his dancers through their paces there are days when he has to wonder if it's really worth the effort

Spoker myths of gentleness and charity. Showing me around his office, he reverently explained each of the important photos on the walls and then drew his green velvet drape aside to reveal stacks of Christmas presents he's already bought for

company members. "Then on Valentine's Day," he explained with childlike enthusiasm, "I exchange cards with friends like Bowie [Wyckoff, a principal dancer]." With wide flattery eyes, he confirmed that, yes, he once turned up at a company party at the Jelly Green Grill, rather effectively exploiting his on-foot, three frame. But though he glories in the role of the big indulgent, sometimes only,



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broader, than pressing, nearly com-
pulsory problems that soon sent him back
to his desk. They quickly corrected the mis-
information and replaced it with a certain
savoury hinting on his own.

The first was a crucial injury last which
made the company, in a few days before
their eastern Canada tour, look more
ready for Napoleon's Moscow retreat than
a cozy cultural version of the eastern
beastland. One star had a serious, as yet
undiscovered back injury. Another, barely
25, had just suffered such an excruciating
attack of arthritis, he didn't know whether
he would walk properly again. In those
days, yet another a severe head infection.
On top of it, two American principal
dancers, still suffering shock from a single
disaster. When the winter was heading
home to the city suburbs.

Then there is the nagging aggression
that his company and his reputation was
unfairly ignored in his own country. After
all, wasn't his company Canada's best-
known cultural export, celebrated the past
decade in London, Moscow, Prague,
Paris, Sydney, Melbourne, Buenos Aires,
Rio de Janeiro and Washington, DC, if
somewhat neglected in Canada itself?
Was this not the company which intro-
duced the work of a few new Argentine
choreographer Oscar Araoz, who recently
has produced New York dancers like
Robert Jeffrey scrambling up in Winnipeg,
for heaven's sake, to see all the ex-
istence? Spolte looked through a company
program in his to make sure every Newcomer
subject was present. But though he had
deared there was any personality cult
around the Royal Winnipeg, he suddenly
discovered a grievous gap in the list. There
was no photo of Arnold Spolte, as chief,
managing eight-by-30 years of him-
self. He picked up the phone immediately
to summon up a new one.

When a didn't arrive in a quarter hour
he phoned again, impatient and nervous
this time. "You better get moving, as all I
can say." To a few minutes there was a
knock on the door and a telephone
message brought in the offending man.
Spolte nodded gravely. Then, in a matter
of minutes and by the end of the day, he usually passed it
across the desk. The man was still steady
from developing and named by a couple
of bad organic attacks. The photo was
left to take 15 years of his appearance. Even
then, in his mid-fifties, Spolte is remark-
ably well-preserved, his hair healthy and
crisp with a nice shade from artificial hair
company.

For a man so recently honored in Arnold
Spolte this exhibition of his own Zoo Zoo
Gibson on the matter of order company
concern was a minor offense. He rarely an-
dicated his exasperation or at his continued
obsession. Arnold's director in this country
after all, usually British, have a way of an-
nouncing in a blaze of publicity to take over
orchestra, opera, ballet and drama com-
panies. Winnipeg-loyalist, Arnold Spolte

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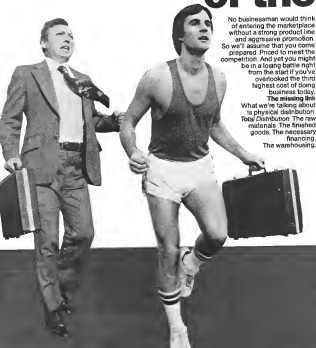
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30 contributing figures of the Royal Wapiti, author of North End's famous. Cansu-bone prodigy of Gensu and Larissa parents, early winner of the Motion Picture and Order of Canada, is a very famous in his own country. Yet in international ballet world, he is much admired as a director who has probably done more with the ballet than any other dancer anywhere in the past quarter century. If anything is happening out there, he is always the first to know. He is not an actor to grab young dancers' hearts and to learn before they become too expensive for his financially underprivileged company.

Spoke is particularly adept at screaming, it working his skin in a self-titled, in perfect all-time dedication to the company. He notes with a proud that his new general manager, 20-year old Ed Regan, sometimes works out down in his office. To save money, his production managers have purchased new lightweight equipment and packing techniques to get all their sets, lights and cables into a single transport truck (the National Ballet sometimes uses eight). As for himself, Spoke long gave up everything for the ballet and could virtually nothing, until recently when he bought a Florida condominium apartment. Backed by the Jolly Green Giant association, he has a better Tennessee sense of order. "Arnold" says Brian McDonald, his counterpart in Los Angeles Ballet, California. "In the land of men who have the Christmas cards (100 or so) written by October and mailed on the first of December. He chooses the next year's cards by March and they're written again by the first of October. It helps in his sense like that in the city in this country."

All this, every musician dedication has also taken its toll. With an appreciation, though emotional, was toward a sturdy cache of multicolored heart pills he collected. "I've had three collapses and a heart attack. I'm not going around wiggling a pencil all day long. You there are politicians here who think we're busy, parading who're not paying attention."

Although company members admit that Spoke's motto is "no mistakes," his health problems, there are enough aggravations in his own Wapiti to send anyone's blood pressure soaring. Some local politicians, it seems, will do it like ballet. In one budgetary meeting early this year, a committee suggested the city throw all its money for the arts on the covered roof over and let the company managers fight for a like days in the night. Ed Regan actually announced a day earlier, the idea.

Spoke, however, was not satisfied. The company's grievances are so serious, they shouldn't be raised so lightly. The new for example was promised a new headquarters in the Central Coast, which opened nine years ago. But because other theatrical companies were faced with extinction if they didn't seem to speak, Spoke

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visually, perhaps slightly gave up the town of London. Since 1972, they've occupied the former store on Portage and suffered sweltering summer rehearsals with positive air-conditioning which barely sizzles up the store as already lapped in the building. The lease on the store is running out in 1979 and Spohr naturally would like

to see some action on a new place. The Secretary of State has agreed to just approach of the capital but won't budge on the local and provincial governments.

possession, perhaps Spohr because his spirit is still so much alive. "If they don't like what we do, that's fine, but they don't have to use all our great accolades and reviews for their own publicity. Yet what's the last thing you see?" Winnipeg. Monahan—home of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. "Why don't they use the Blue Bombers (one of the games you can imagine)? Why don't they use the Jets?"

Even today Monahan's grade school

company retains Spohr because his spirit is still so much alive. "If they don't like what we do, that's fine, but they don't have to use all our great accolades and reviews for their own publicity. Yet what's the last thing you see?" Winnipeg. Monahan—home of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. "Why don't they use the Blue Bombers (one of the games you can imagine)? Why don't they use the Jets?"

The company is so poor it has had trouble raising the necessary \$132,000 for a week's stay in New York. The year has been circling New York, the world's dance capital, for more than a decade but has never made it into Manhattan yet! Spohr

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who previously despised to go because it would finally establish the upper limit of his life's work. For the activists the dancers find it galling to over the National Ballet going down to New York from Toronto every summer to dance at the Metropolitan Opera House with Nancy while they stay a lot at one-night stands in Greyhound in Middle America in such places as Marion, Ohio, and Tarrytown, New York.

In any case, there is a maddening frustration when both the New York dance scene and the Royal Winnipeg are empty, but unable to get together. New York dance fans have developed an interest in the choreography of Oscar Asan when Spole discovered in Brazil in 1974. Other artistic directors—for instance, Robert Joffrey—will simply move in and then up Asan's repertoire. When he became critical in July, Ed Reger announced that the two would perform at the U.S. Theatre on Broadway in October, money or not. Finally in August he contacted this and to Spole's delight booked the company for March into the City Centre, the showcase for the important American dance groups the Joffrey and Alvin Ailey companies.

Despite such happy reversals as this, Spole sometimes barely confides he'll like to resign. As artistic director, of course, he is enticed for using resignation to start to score up money or money disintegrable advertisements. Spole is no exception but when he talks of resigning there's an undeniably chaotic tone in his voice. "I'd leave the whole thing because, go into coaching, teaching and making a fortune. I'd work only 30 hours a week, be picked up at the airport as a limousine like a star, given all kinds of money and go home for six months. I've bought this place a condominium in Fort Lauderdale. It's a beachfront style overlooking a canal. There's just every back and forth. No highways around, no cars going by. The Atlantic is only five minutes away. Saturday I'm going down there for a good old rest." There is a drastic change of mood he later unloads it, breathlessly ranting, "I'll be loyal to the end of time." He chuckled self-consciously. "Sounds like a pop tune doesn't it?"

Spole was born in Rhine, Switzerland, was later the Montreal bouncer sometime between 1950 (likely) and 1959 (very unlikely) depending on the reference text. "No one's gotten my age, ever," he cheerfully elaborates. His father, a German Lutheran pastor, moved to the North End to take over a parish when Spole was still quite young.

He was a gifted athlete, playing basketball and baseball. His most dogged hobby is tennis, playing "with 15 minutes per hour time and spend a few hours from baseball." Despite early resistance, he became his father's chauffeur and organist and eventually a more legitimate concert pianist. After a Winnipeg performance of the Bal-



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his. Rasse de Monte Carlo left Spolei exultant, his brother Richard, a sometime New York model and actor, pushed him ("I was shy") to go on Greenwich Lloyd and Betty Parry who created the Winnipeg Ballet School in 1938 and the Winnipeg Ballet Club in 1939. Appearing his own

Bonnie Wyckoff and Anthony Williams (who has since departed) in a 1975 performance in London, Ontario, on to the Big Apple

strength coordination and musical back ground they grabbed him and several others. From 1940 to 1954 Spolei was one of the company's leading dancers, popular among his partners for his strength and confidence on stage. Because the Winnipeg Ballet was still largely amateur, he supported himself by teaching piano.

In the early 1950s, the company established professional status as a royal charter in 1953 and the beginnings of some 20 years.



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live engagements including Washington, DC, with guest star Alicia Markova, director's pre-forever expense. Later, in 1954, a demanding her we put out the company's entire wardrobe, sets, choreographic notes and archives. For a year the ballet didn't exist. Spoleto went to London to study and crowed his dancing career with a Chabrier program. Where the Rainbow Ends in the Coliseum, parting Alicia Markova.

He remained after a year to care for his dying mother and taught ballet at the company's school. The Royal Warrant was stuck in his arm but the fingers were missing underneath American financiers, Rodolfo Rossi and Benjamin Blumstein, were so busy they made headline news. Markov's quit just before the end of the 1957 season in February. Logically the company, which never had a very solid financial foundation outside of jealous Italian families, couldn't have collapsed for good. A handful of legions of loyal members including Katherine Richardson decided to try and last position—Aldo Spoleto. They searched into one of his classes and merely asked him if he would at least finish off the season. Considering his own indifference and fear, Spoleto created an effect which was ingeniously seductive on the wily company company. A newspaper photo shows him, light-colored hair, long nose, face of an Italian, bent down adjusting the ankle of a dancer in a line of thick-thighed corps de ballet girls. This obviously was no Bolshoi Ballet but he was trying his best. The headline of a severe days later made current mark as ironic. **MARKOV**

Essentially he has been doing the same over again. As he constantly reminds people, a hasn't been easy. At the start he worked 18 hours a day building up fifteen dance studios and generally reorganizing every bit of the chaos he inherited. He regularly flew to Denmark and eventually Russia to study technique.

He was the first director to get great artists from the Soviet Union like Kirov's Markova and Massine in 1960 and the Bolshoi's Kuchukov and Kuchukova in 1961 to force his dancers to keep sight of high performing standards. He called them an invitation to Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in 1964 which was the first party's big break. The New York orchestra then there for the first time and highly praised them in 1964 and modern roles, the company and its prime ballerina Christine Ebersole each won first place medals at the Paris International Dance Festival. "We got 12 out of 13 votes there and we had dancers who could've been a double prize."

Yet even with the peaks, most everything has remained the same. Second-rate dancers who somehow looked good on stage lack of energy and proper technique, a tiny mix of one-act classical and contemporary Italian and hard one-night

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stands usually in small-town America and Canada between the big European, South American and Australian dries. With its quality of dancers, the star-studded look continues and often work choreography. It's not possible, logically, to have the kind of success the company has enjoyed. If you strip down all the variables you finally end with only one to explain it: Arnold Spolter's direction. Spolter believes that, however good or bad a dancer may be, he was made so in the depths of his being, by he is dancing a role. In rehearsals, he dives into everyone's control space and builds from the inside out.

Spolter's new mood is a vegetable salad of

crispy metaphors. When he's relieving a new baller, he "motivates" her dancers by firing a machine-gun spray of images at them. "I have to cut it away so that the dancers can get the shape or the life of a step," he rehearsing John Numan's. Tonight, it might be a beautiful description of a vase-still which may have nothing to do specifically with the step, but which gives the exact nature of the step. At the same time, he goes a little better. Says Bonnie Wyckoff, "It's sheer madness to say. He pushes people this way and that and says anything that comes into his head related to what we're doing. One of might three or four dozen ideas, everybody picks up one

or other of them and uses it. He allows people to be themselves. To find a movement that they feel instinctively rather than finding something on their especially they don't feel it all. Unfortunately, the talent line is and when the company suffers inevitable epidemics of injuries and resignations. Spolter is like a lonely poet on a fast crumbling sand castle. When important dancers leave for bigger companies or choruses where the water doesn't last half the year, he has to spend precious time scouting across North America and sometimes Europe for replacements. He then has to reeducate them. Without rehearsal or time, he has great built up a solid school like the National Ballet that would feed new home-grown stars into the company. One of his current duties is running the ballet summer session at Benf School of Fine Arts to recruit new dancers, at one time almost all American, into the company. Unable to develop a star such as Katerine Kaur from seventh, he has to settle for amplifying what already exists in a dancer.

His record for developing choreographers is not impressive. While most artistic directors are fond of writing about the future of choreography, several the world, Spolter consistently beats the odds and finds them before anyone else while they are still fresh and three feet low. The Royal Winnipeg could merit a solid little promotion booklet on the young, now-famous choreographers he has helped to develop—among them Elia Field, John Numan, Oscar Arnes and two of only three internationally known Canadian choreographers: Brian Macdonald and Nanette Vinski. He keeps pulling them out of nowhere, each time embarrassing the National Ballet which used to snort them was no talent in the realm.

A major problem with the contemporary work of Arnes and Spolter's previous work, John Numan, is that it has advanced the company possibly too far beyond the tastes of Winnipeg. The company has had to make home in more local towns and the federal government is often loath to be taken in as even large grants on its own same consistent show of local support and popularity. While the new work may drive young audiences to wild cheering and send creative shock waves all the way to New York, there may still be a lack of connection among local fans. The company acknowledges a major problem and is ending a carefully laid-out and viewing the landscape. It plans to hunt out old versions of Swan Lake and Les Sylphides for local production.

At the same time, they have choreographers New York and, as they head north to end the world's dance capital, Arnold Spolter and the Royal Winnipeg will once again reestablish their traditional balance: all operations do not always have to end in the black-zero of conservatism and permanent exile. □

A nation of murders

The Terror is alive and well in South Africa

By Arturo Gonzalez

South Africa goes to the polls November 19 in a climate of tension which might almost have been tailor-made to persuade the state's four million white voters to give Prime Minister John Vorster a renewed mandate of almost limitless proportions. The immediate reason for the country's last election is a government campaign on the black population which has seen the burning of 116 of its organizations, the closure of two of its newspapers, the arrestation of the freedom of seven white opponents of the office of police of apartheid and the arrest of scores of black leaders. That draconian action on town followed weeks of national discontent over the death in custody on September 12 of Simon Nkomo, the black's most charismatic leader. Nkomo was first sent by Andrew Mazarine, Jimmy Kruger in June died after a hunger strike, but he now is believed to have been beaten to death by police. The case of the 30-year-old Nkomo, however a despotic, is the most shocking in the massacre roll call of death in South Africa's prisons. It is not an isolated case.

"Nkomo's death is the big one, the one they cannot get away with the one they can't explain away," insists 45-year-old Donald Woods, the feisty, bespectacled, grey-haired senior of an editor whose liberal

Wike (in his coffin, below) was alleged to have stabbed himself to death, but an autopsy would show massive brain injury



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East London Daily Dispatch consistently snags at the heels of South Africa's government. Woods himself was arrested ten months in the government's crackdown on the press.



Below right: not the first reactor, or last

this incident and that of other detainees in South Africa, it was granted limited access.

- **Luke Masweneke**, age 32, cleverly found a razor and some wire in his cell and managed to make a noose to hang himself. A State pathologist refused to exclude the possibility that "Mr. Masweneke had been killed and then hanged to fake a suicide."
- **Muella Mchaps**, age 25, wrote a suicide note (which amazingly was found by the authorities more than 24 hours after his body had been cut down from the cell bars from which it was hanging) in handwriting other than his own. "As a hanger I would never have passed the signature on the note as genuine," testified graphologist H. F. Allardice of Durban at the suicide requests— which, as always, were held months after the detainee's suicide. As usual, the police version of the death proceeded.
- **James Ntsholele**, age 38, "left down-stairs" and died. Professor J. F. Tatygaard, an independent pathologist, examined the corpse and testified the fatal injury was "more consistent with a kick in the stomach than a fall down stairs." Or, the professor agreed, "he could have run into a clenched fist."
- **William Tshamek**, a Soweto student, was just never seen again after the police grabbed him. The witnesses merely told the family that he had died behind bars and that they themselves had turned the body

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• Doctor Hosain Haffiger, age 25, was a detainee at King George V Hospital in Durban before he was found hanging dead by his wrists in a cell in the Brighton Beach Prison. Said one who saw his body, "It looked as if he had been in a very rough rugby game on hard ground, or had been in a fight. We counted at least 25 abrasions and were very surprised by the number." The police had, unfortunately for independent pathologists, cut away a lot of tissue from the most injured areas of the body "for investigation."

The sickening list goes on and on and on. These men who live in South Africa are dying without ever being accused of a crime without ever having their day in court. They are held incommunicado in the discretion of South Africa's Special Branch for as long as the police want to keep them behind bars. Steve Biko died with no arrest sheet as long as your arm—but he had never been convicted of a thing by anyone, anywhere.

"I trust a lot of those who are lucky enough to get out of jail," says a black Swazi physician, himself a former detainee,

who would be instantly back behind bars if his identity were revealed. "One tactic seems to be to bring the prisoner into the interrogation room and then drop him with a karate chop, just to say hello. Now some of these black prisoners are very mean and those Afrikaner police are big, strong lads. I think sometimes that they lose their respect with that first fatal chop, and that's when they have to string up their late prisoner in a cell or have him out a window or down a stairwell like they did with Matthews Mabileane and George Betha.

"After the chop, they keep the prisoner standing for hours, days. You defecate and urinate where you stand. The two interrogators—they usually work in pairs—wearing civilian clothes and no indication of rank or name—sit and eat and drink in front of you. They'll even order in a food meal and leave it temptingly in front of you. All the while they say the same thing—'Pratt, kaffir, grrrr!'—'Talk, nigger! Talk!' I've heard people with their feet swollen

Democratization following Biko's funeral: just a big joke to the justice minister.



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up to twice their normal size after this kind of session.

"The above handed out by the average South African policeman isn't too sophisticated — just punches and kicks. But when the fellows in civies come in from John Vorster Square — the Special Branch headquarters — then things can get fairly hairy for the detainees. They'll strip a man, tie him with his ankles and then hang him upside down from a bar. They swing the man back and forth and on each swing strike his exposed groin's with a belt. I've treated men with muscle the size of their heads after such abuse.

They use other tricks too — suspending

a victim by his neck, dragging on the feet of detainees after putting stones in their shoes. Pressing bright lights on them 24 hours a day, suffocating them in canvas boots, tying weights to their genitals and forcing them into roller-believe sinking positions until their legs give out and they collapse. Not Scrooge — a black journalist signed every confession they put in front of him after they'd given him electric shocks on his ears, chest and ankles. He doesn't tell me his private griefs but he's repulsed by the squeaking of his testicles with pain."

These periods of jail-cell torture are often interrupted by months of solitary con-

finement — when sounds heard while the mind collapses. Mrs. Alma Hansen, a Johannesburg psychologist, says: "Many detainees will communicate themselves — even communicate themselves — in order to get contact with another human being after long periods of solitary." Hellfire rooms, mental deterioration, a sense of insanity develop. She recalls one detainee who had forgotten the names of his brothers and sisters after months in a cell alone.

A former detainee says more about simply: "The entry of once a tiny fly into your cell becomes the biggest moment in your life. You find yourself talking to him, 'Hello fly, how are you today?'" Then after the words of solitary come more interrogation and more hounding.

The police go to great lengths to keep complaints about this mistreatment out of the press or public eye. By law the local newspapers are forbidden to report on the activities of detainees which effectively suppresses most reporting. Two independent doctors who were asked by the family of the "savage" Mapele Mofaga to look into his death were subsequently put into prison by the police. Wolk Karmali, a Soviet-born psychiatrist, was quoted as saying his son John, a university student, Major H. J. Olivier of the Security Police, warned the doctor "not to talk to the press or to contact Jones" and there was a suggestion — a hint of a threat — that "something would happen to Jones if I did not stop. It was the most terrible, constant warning of my life."

There is never the remotest chance of a parliamentary investigation of the appalling high number of nonwhite "vanishes" that take place in police cells. John Vorster's party controls 122 seats of the country's 171-seat parliament now — and will probably improve on this after the weekly called November 30 election. When beleaguered by criticism in the generally illiterate English-language press in the country, the Afrikaners simply smear it the more.

Why this reign of physical and mental torture — and even frequent public hangings & murder — in a civilized state which prides itself on its Christian party? Inevitably, it's a fear of Communism that dictates what says more than a no-holds-barred defeat of South African whites is necessary. "We have no option but to resist fascist white terror," says former Minister Jimmy Kruger.

In a depressing article recently ran in *The Citizen*, a Johannesburg paper, Arda Parker wrote: "It is important that the police extract information from the criminal minds of the existing order. They are dealing with well-trained, highly disciplined, well-suspected Communists, subversives and terrorists. Merely asking such people if they will be kind enough to assist the police is almost unworkable, won't get you very far." The result is an unbridled, gut-throated philosophy, which permits South African police to execute the

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same brand of totalitarian control over the country's population that the Victor government avoids it in fighting its present. Mungwira Mwenze, a 42-year-old lawyer, says: "Beyond a shadow of a doubt, South Africa is now a police state through and through. You have a situation in which everybody knows the truth, but nobody does anything about it. In one other case we read into the shocking murder of the Security Branch. They are literally running the show."

The result is that South Africa boasts—if that's the right word—one of the largest prison populations in the Western world. Great Britain has 30 prisons to hold 50,000 inmates; among its 56 million inhabitants. South Africa, by comparison, needs 242 prisons for male prisoners among just 25 million people. Twenty-five percent of South Africa's prisoners spend at least one night in jail each year for violating the white man's law. When confronted with uncomfortable questions about the surprisingly high number of prison "suicides," Prime Minister Vorster denies constantly a day after state of treasonous propaganda which allegedly murder returned to "normal" society rather than history the organization.

He seems to have no believable answer to an even more basic question: why don't you allow white Communist detainees, seen to take their own lives, the same enthusiasm as murderers? Nor does the South African government seem to have a response to the even more fundamental judicial question: how can they be sure that all these supposed "suicides" are really detained Communists when none has been convicted or tried, or even officially charged?

Vorster responds quite correctly that magistrates are, and sometimes do visit, northern provinces and look into claims of police killings in detention. But he fails to reveal, says John Dwyer, a leading South African law professor, that "the magistrate is dependent for permission on the same Justice Minister who wants a 'satisfactory' verdict from the request and the result is whitewash after whitewash." Criticism of the present state anti-terrorist law which permits suspects to suddenly disappear into the hands of the police and to be held indefinitely for years if necessary, is rising in volume and the state promises to fight proactively in the election now going on. A top legal authority, Kovic Martin, a respected, recently retired South African Supreme Court Judge, says: "I have become a complete and unequivocal enemy of this country's security laws."

Mwambi, reading about his own arrest and awaiting for the trial.



**DAILY DISPATCH
EDITOR BANNED**

Helen Smit, the underground opposition of Afrikaner resistance for 25 years, says: "South Africa is slowly but surely slipping into the morass of a police state with security a ripple." Section 6 of the Terrorism Act killed 19 other unfortunate people during the past 18 months—and 44 others during the 19 years this draconian act has been on our statute books.

Twenty-one more have the South African police ever been brought to the bar of the country's justice over the death of a detainee from police interrogations were tried concerning the "suicide" of black nationalist Joseph Mafiki last year. They were acquitted—but a very respected judge later admitted the victim's fatal wounds were "most probably inflicted by the police." The state has consistently declined not to reopen the case.

When news of Steve Biko's "foreign strike" was first released the ruling South African Nationalist political party was in the middle of a convention. The crowd Kooze from the platform tried to play the "suicide" for laughter, saying "One of my best friends committed suicide as prison yesterday, but I don't blame the prisoners." He bantered with the delegates that it was a prisoner's democratic right to starve himself to death if he wanted to. And he continued up the prevailing white attitude with the simple statement: "Biko's death leaves me cold."

At Biko's funeral a black named Phele Bam softly summed up the heartfelt sentiments of the 20 million disenchanted people of color in South Africa to whom Biko was a symbol of hope: "This death has not left us cold. It has left us boiling hot. Boiling hot with grief. Boiling hot with anger. Boiling hot with impatience."

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A life of trials

Raymond Burr in 'The Case Of The Unsmiling Buddha'

By Ron Base

On the set of *Tomorrow Never Comes* it is impossible to look at tough tumbrow, in fact, never will. The production, wind-whipped, rain-lashed, ignores the muddy banks of the stinking Rivière-des-Frères winding through the city of Lével north of

Montreal, is two weeks behind schedule, which, as it turns out, is not the least of the movie's miseries. Oliver Reed, the hulking British star of *Tomorrow* with the ghost of Barrymore, Burton O'Toole, and other legendary ball-busters knocking merrily about on his head, just the elegant comeliness of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, now breaking up his



Burr in 'Tomorrow Never Comes' making the most, as usual, from a nothing part

the set, deposited them made to wait for hours before the camera is finally ready to roll. The delays have made him furious, but he says nothing while managing to exude a faintly disapproving air. Perry Mason, now residing in his role after discovering Hamilton Burger had been with Debra Berger.

The fact is all but lost in the per-

formance of trying to finish shooting, but *Tomorrow Never Comes* not only marks Burr's return to cinema, but also the first time he has performed professionally in his native Canada for at least 41 years. He has hardly suffered professionally in the interim.

In the 1950s he established himself as one of America's first and most durable stars, headlining the narrow radio world for 17 straight years, a dubious achievement perhaps but one matched only by a handful of other stars: Ed Sullivan, James Arness, Loretta Bell, Lawrence Welk. For nine years he was Perry Mason, unbeatable stardom-at-large, then for eight more he played Lincoln, the San Francisco police chief confined to a wheelchair—and the *Naked Gun* 33 Televison moved him from glowing village in '80s reality tape. Spectators made him a millionaire several times over, at first up on his own talent in *Fig* and allowed him to command a spectacular million-step rise of the most beautifully turned of the Hollywood Hills. Still television has a short memory, and since *Once and a while* he has earned almost two decades, as only as good as his last major post, a hard one. Burr finally encountered his waning when his third series, *Knight* *Confidential* was canceled after only 13 episodes.

One would think performers, having finally slipped the surly bonds of weekly television, would be content to settle back and count their money, but it's never the case. Raymond Burr 60 years old and full with nothing else, heads for Montreal, speaking vaguely of "another television series and a couple of movies he may produce himself in Canada." "So it turned out that I had a free week," he explains, "and I decided to come up here and see firsthand what the movie business is like. You really cannot sit down over lunch or cocktails and find out what is happening. The easiest way to find out is to be with



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a production." Yet the occasion of his retirement is hardly surprising. "This rule," he contends, "is not one I certainly would have chosen. The picture will not do great things for me, on the other hand it won't do me any harm, either."

Burt is cast in the chief of police in a small-screen comedy starring by a genuine holding his pet friend hostage. Lured to grabby action is no one's idea of a notion, but the \$1.3 million budget pays for 300 tons of sand strewn along the edge of the river where docks have also been constructed. None of the comedia quite hides the fact that *Turnover Never Comes* reads like a *Police Story* episode. On paper,

Burt's role lies flat and one-dimensional, the sort of thing he could have played in.

He is the comestically professional, however, looking almost desperately for the small moments that will give his police chief some semblance of depth. "I've had to look the part so that the police chief is a politician," he explains. "He's a manipulator of boys, the ultimate politician. This guy is a real bastard."

Burt moves across the scene, bending for his dressing room, and suddenly is transformed into a giant, gray elephant, moving his weight forward with ponderous yet majestic grace. The path of the man is awkward, he weighs more than 300 pounds,

and when he sits the fat benches at his seat as if he is wearing an inflated inner tube under his trousers. Despite his massive size, there is a vulnerable quality about him that everyone connected with the production is quick to pick up on. A limply fat man, carrying some unusual rigidity in the design of his baggy pants, but carrying it stoically. "Nobody knows me very well," he murmurs. He has developed the bearing of a man very much in control, not unlike the character he plays on television.

But the suspicion of tragedy is not misplaced. He refuses to discuss the details, but tracks with a pretty young English actress named Adeline Sachdevand, was aboard the same plane as actor Leslie Howard when the Germans shot it down off the coast of Portugal in 1940. The couple had married, Michael, who until the end of the war was raised by his grandparents. He had no memory of his father in America that he died of leukemia at age 18. Burt's second marriage ended in divorce, and he had a wife died of cancer in 1995 as the one of a delayed honeymoon in the Bahamas. Three wives and an only child give it a little more than a decade. And time had yet to catch up with him.

Raymond Burr is an intensely private man, so when he speaks about himself he plays a verbal game of hopscotch, neatly skipping over the most painful of personal traumas, turning into steady ambiguity parts of his past, then abruptly becoming clear and purposeful accurate about certain episodes he would like to see re-created in print. About his early childhood in British Columbia, for example, he is clear. "I can remember our summer home at Society Bay, my great grandfather taught me how to swim. I think I'm part dolphin or whale. I remember the barnacles on the beach, and swimming wags out of the chimney in order to see the summer house. I remember our house on Queen's Boulevard in New Westminster where I was born, and I remember that the street below us was called Royal and that was where my grandparents lived. I remember wonderful bright rain in winter along New Westminster's busy street." He pauses, his large eyes looking about like searchlights, then he continues, his voice edged with sadness. "I remember much more about the years before I was born. I remember of the years from six to nine." No wonder. When he was six, his mother, Mirreva Smith Burr separated from his father, William Johnston Burr, an employee at a New Westminster hardware company. Mirreva Smith Burr picked up Ray, now, his youngest brother and sister and moved to Valico, California, where a grandfather owned a hotel. "My mother was always in love with my father," Burr says. "And he was always in love with her. It was hard on me because they're not apart for many years and they were still in love with me another. My father finally came back to my mother in 1954, and they lived



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together until she died in the early Sixties. But I'm sorry for all those years they were spent together. They were two great friends. Always and they should have been together."

Rogmond was dispatched to a military academy in San Rafael at the age of 14. Friends who knew him then say the experience was an unhappy one. Barr denies this although he concedes: "There were one or two problems there because I was fat, and school is always a hassle for a fat boy, so if you're clumsy or wear glasses. I was always in trouble with uniforms because I used to fall down a lot. I ripped the knees out of my trousers constantly, and I gave a director the careful symmetry of the line."

His mother, at age 14 the Depression's bad hit, and he was fascinated with school. Here, he becomes an outcast, living in the following years with a wide sweep of jobs: work on a sheep and cattle ranch in New Mexico, the Forestry Service in northern California, new jobs at a number of radio stations, sometimes at a clutch of universities.

He is vague about the roots of his fascination with acting. "I was taken to the theatre in church and school and I loved it. I was very much involved in church production." He saw his first play in Toronto, a production of *Drunk Takes A Holiday* starring Philip Morris, a well-known actor of the day who eventually influenced him greatly. He landed the world in *Night Shift* just before World War II started. He joined the navy, was wounded in the South Pacific, and recuperated in time to appear in a short-lived Broadway play, *Duke Of Darkness*. Five months brought to two British representatives to New York, seeing a contract in his face. Most of the picture he made in the next 10 years fall into that category. If there was a heavy move being made around the next lot, Barr was almost certain to be in it, chewing up the scenery as the lead guy. Only *A Place In The Sun*, in which he played a delirious money man *Rear Window*, the classic Alfred Hitchcock thriller that cast him as a white-haired wild maniac, an occasion with any affectation. And *Rear Window* stands out for him more as an example of his sense of humor than as an acting achievement. Arriving in Europe after the film was released in 1954, he discovered he was getting better above his stints. James Stewart and Grace Kelly—entertainment's other road. "So Rogmond Barr in Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window*." In 1965 he landed *Ferry House* and I signed a deal with Universal and was given the number one starring role on the lot. It was right next door to his. Hitchcock's wife, in fact my back window looked out onto it. I kept remembering that thing I had received in Europe years before, and thinking... So one day I got a full-sized cut-out of Hitch, placed it at the window, and the day after and I looked at it. If he was peering out my window. Then I got the girls who worked at the Universal town to



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peep my dressing room and entrance. "Oh, there's Alfred Hitchcock in Raymond Burr's rear window. Well, I thought it was a tremendous joke, but after about six weeks, I think Mr. Hitchcock got a little annoyed."

In a study hallway and Burr, as usual, is alone in an apartment above the police. The apartment has been rented for him during the shooting, and it is adorned with paintings pulled from the art section of

Burr with Donald Pleasence and Alfred in "Tumbrow", keeping his head when all about him were regularly being there.

Woodworth's—liberine coming of it down on into a high frame, nearby, a Madonna and her child stare halitously across the north. At the moment he is seated in a corner day chair, a Sultan cigarette in one hand, a Mafex cigarette in the other, attempting for perhaps the 10,000th time to

solve the question of what it is that has made him one of television's most enduring stars. "I think probably I started a dialogue with the audience that's been sustained over the years," he says. Finally "And then of course both shows were about men who were really knights in shining armor. Both showed people both solved problems." In 1951 no one was predicting success for a lumbering man; he had pay even if he had just shed 125 pounds from a 305 pound frame. But quite along a propitious time, although he hardly realized it. And certainly the producers of *Perry Mason*, who had already tested 50 actors did not think him right for the part. But Eric Stanley Gardner, the prodigious author of the *Mason* books, considered him perfect. "He liked the way I looked," Burr recalls. "He was very short, and I didn't know for a long time that he considered himself to be like Perry Mason."

If television tends to reduce actors to pieces of furniture, and it does, then Burr was a good piece of furniture: comfortable, reassuring, not so radical in design that he would offend the audience that was asked to buy him seven afternoons. Television never allowed him to become a great actor, but a constant in his existence, some discipline, he always appeared for work on time, never missed a day, and truly cared for what he was doing. During the last two seasons of *Twelve* the scripts have so piled that he finally did wrap his hands and quit. The ensuing trauma gave



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Bury with Don Galloway, Barbara Anderson and Don Mitchell in "Beverly Hills" a first of its kind piece of TV "turnhere"

into a heart attack.

He has been alone ever since his third wife died, although there are plenty of women about other women, and when, at one time, an affair with actress Natalie Wood "I've had several very close friendships—some people might call them affairs—with ladies in our business over the years. And these affairs wouldn't have done anybody any good if they had been made public. So I've always managed to keep everything fairly private."

Certainly, there are few reasons concerning him on this Laval movie set. Be-pardon-ance that Oliver Reed and his body-guard, Reggie, have batted in an Indian restaurant. Peter Collinson screams across the set at an unseen lady: "Woodruff! Get out of my shot! Get the hell out!" Producer Julius Michelson, witnessing the nebulous gestures with displeasure. Susan George complains angrily that someone is in her dressing room.

Bury watches this latest little melodrama, then wanders off into the night. Later, when the other stars have retired from the set, leaving the crew scurrying to ready the next shot, Raymond then remains, standing, straight against the force wind, applying great strength that has been shaken and bent, but not broken. ☐

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being too old to work, while for others, it means complete financial independence, and the freedom to enjoy the full rewards of leisure.

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Caprice Classic, 1978, 132 hp, 192 mi./gal. 1978 Oldsmobile, 132 hp, 192 mi./gal. 1978 Impala, 132 hp, 192 mi./gal.

Caprice Classic, 1978, 132 hp, 192 mi./gal. 1978 Oldsmobile, 132 hp, 192 mi./gal. 1978 Impala, 132 hp, 192 mi./gal.

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The World

Le Grand René



As an official French government Cobra designed Quebec premier René Lévesque at the marble steps of the Hôtel du Palais. He could barely conceal a very genuine at the moment (his pose—the red-plumed gold-embroidered Guards Regiments drum-thumping musicians of Honor—about to appropriate its offering watermelon as a black dignitary. Three hours later, though when he emerged at the side of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing with the very useful courtesy of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor newly glowing from his left lapel, Lévesque's eyes were racing with a more pleasing refrain.

Not only had France's towering president, previously accepted over his very pointed jacket to award him France's second-highest honor—an award reserved for chiefs of state—but during the auspicious lunch with the French cabinet (to follow), Giscard had cited his glass of Chateau Pichon 1966 to toast the man who has vowed to lead La Belle Province to independence with an emotional though polite which could only be interpreted as a clear declaration of support.

Without happen, Quebec can count on the brotherly sympathy of France," he promised. "No matter how long the water is, spring will one day follow," he quoted from Gilles Vigor's old-fashioned song, *Mou Pape*, the traditional separation anthem. The cloak of crystal champagne glasses that followed doubled as a display of official French force-feeding on the Quebec



Lévesque with Berni (top) reviewing on honor guard at Orly Airport, and receiving the Legion of Honor from Giscard (above) welcomed like a long lost son.

issue and Ottawa-Paris relations for their lowest rate since Charles de Gaulle sang out "Vive le Québec Libre" in Montreal 10 years ago.

While External Affairs calculated just how much of a diplomatic ball to get into, Paris brushed with quite another question: what had prompted the man who once scorned De Gaulle for his "kiss-me-golly" language to become so radical? The answer may have lain in the work Quebec than with Giscard's own political work and the long shadow of Le Grand Chien himself. Faced with legislative elections only five months from now and his waning personal

popularity, Giscard seems to have been lost on winning over the entire Giscard in his majority coalition who under Prime Minister Jacques Chirac, have gone wandering off on their own.

Despite the obvious days in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who had seemed to believe Lévesque's arrival that he would brook no display of French sympathy for Quebec independence. Ottawa seems to have come to the same conclusion and came back with some initial welcoming. While Trudeau ruled himself somewhat-well, External Affairs drafted up a 1971 law forbidding Canadian citizens to accept foreign awards and titles and thus that of a diplomatic goal in the ribs to the Quai d'Orsay. There was little else to be done. They could scarcely ask Lévesque for accepting the Legion of Honor or make him get it back, while the choice once offered Lord Thomson of Fife—a British peerage or his Canadian citizenship—seemed to give Lévesque too obvious a chance to declare his independence. The Quebec premier in any case had taken out an "independence policy" against just such a ceremonial standard when he popped up in a microphone in the front row of the Giscard and announced to reporters huddled in the parking lot that he was accepting the Legion of Honor in the name of all Québécois. "If by chance there is an accident," he stated piously, "it is an accident over a Legion of Honor for all Québécois—and not for me personally."

It was a touch that created a week-long diplomatic and public relations over-
 all for the state where the newspaper
 Nueve Glosas was referred to as "the king
 of the whole region of America." The
 Quebec government had spent more than
 \$5,000 in a grant to French journalists
 in Canada for a news conference with Le-
 vesque and made arrangements for an-
 other 825 Canadian and U.S. reporters and
 cameramen to follow him during the
 three-day visit. Nobody from the Quebec
 province in Paris seemed eager to esti-
 mate the cost of all this. But there was no
 question that the investment had paid off.
 A flood of pro-Quebec stories inundated
 French newspapers even before Levesque
 arrived in Paris. The evening news on at
 least 10 TV channels on Quebec were
 scheduled for the week of his official call
 to Ottawa and media homes burst in his
 doorway when he went.

The most brilliant publicity coup
 played out in the old media room where
 was his pilgrimage to De Gaulle's grave in

the tiny town of Colleville-sur-Mer (2,000
 population), 130 miles inland from
 Paris. He even chose All Saints Day (a
 national holiday and a slow day for news)
 to do it, and by the next morning, when
 Giscard's presidential plane delivered him
 to Paris for the start of his official visit,
 scarcely a newspaper was without a four-
 page picture of him placing a wreath of
 fresh flowers on the white marble head-
 stone of the great liberator.

The French pressed up magnificently,
 too. From Paris, in Alsace-Lorraine,
 where his unofficial visit served as a re-
 minder of his days as a war correspondent
 with the United States Seventh Army to
 the National Assembly, when President
 Edgar Faure (dead) had a tape in his study of



Lesage speaks in Paris, where he is
 all for self-determination elsewhere

France, typically doesn't practise what it preaches

While Quebec Premier René Lesage
 was hobnobbing with the great brain
 closed doors in Paris groups of people in
 remote parts of France were listening
 their ears to catch what snippets of con-
 sideration they could. For the fact is that
 France has several colonies or outright na-
 tionalist sponsored movements of its own
 and unless Paris, which recently granted
 its exclusive oil subsidies to the north-
 eastern province, Catalonia, all the rest of
 its limited prospect of devolution. The de-
 mocratic system created by Napoleon has
 turned a gentle face to pleas for more lo-
 cal autonomy.

The French anarchists' grievances have
 contemporary as well as historical
 cause. One is alienation. Since the stu-
 dents took to the streets and factories
 (and the countryside) in May 1968, in
 1968 had failed to bring about a second
 revolution. They have become shepherds,
 strikers or members of farming com-
 munes in the country. A general revolu-
 tion (upward) of country, village and
 industrial cities is the cry of voters and
 for ecological candidates in the last au-
 tumnal elections, as well as an outraged so-
 cialist pundit. The ecologists now hold a
 decisive influence on politics in several
 key areas. While ecological demonstra-
 tions (British legend) "rule" power and
 the language (spelled) the army
 have helped authoritarian movements.

A second factor is economics. In Cor-
 siccia there is a French island with 900 young
 people who are forced to flee each
 year. In Corsica, with 27 rebellions
 and even longer periods of military control

served for waiting patients, it was the ad-
 vanced treatment of the way. The French
 aimed no chance, or, to, more points by
 bombing Quebec while not provoking Ot-
 tawa too far.

The most contentious issue was France's
 reluctance to let Quebec to speak before the
 National Assembly, as those that had not
 been accorded to a foreigner since Wood-
 row Wilson held forth there in 1919. When
 news of France's inaction leaked out,
 Canada's ambassador, Gerard Pelletier,
 showed France's power and made it clear
 that France would be very unhappy if such
 a thing occurred.

France later promised that he had all
 along intended the speech to happen
 when it came to the day, and down the hill
 in the town of St. Jean and (France) St. Jean
 de the adjoining Hotel de France,
 built by the Duchess of Bourbon to house
 her secret lover. But France admitted pro-
 vider to Montreal that he had been to
 Ottawa to change minds "because we
 wanted to avoid an incident. Besides, it's

French roads are crowded with cars bear-
 ing bumper stickers such as "I am conser-
 vative" (I am conservative and proud of it).

But it is not only the fact of its in-
 self-righteous intolerance as a vice oper-
 ating on both sides of the Franco-Spanish
 border, Euzketa To Autonomia (Basque
 Homeland and Liberty) continues on its
 violent way, ignoring Madrid's progress
 toward democracy in Brittany a com-
 petition in terror has begun between the
 long-established Breton Liberation Front
 and an aggressive neo-Nazi. Breton Na-
 tionalist Resistance. With two explosions in
 four days in the town, the Breton na-
 tionalist movement by bombing letters out-
 side Brittany for the first time. The toll for
 damage nearly three million dollars.

In Alsace where German speaking
 burghers are known to conspire in
 the election of the Breton, the Breton
 nationalist separatists and language in-
 ternationalists had hitherto attracted little
 serious interest. But it has emerged that
 the leaders of Alsace, Martin Schlegel—the
 national head army, had been
 and under with nationalist militants.

Finally in Corsica an agitation which
 started with the language movement
 led to general strikes and police in-
 telligence, now now frozen up a kind of
 counter-revolutionary organization, armed
 and backed by the Mafia, whose latest op-
 eration has been to murder a woman by boot-
 kicking her bed.

So far the administration has managed to
 keep the lid on it in all provinces. But the
 storm is increasing and, in that perspec-
 tive, the handling of Lesage seemed a
 short-sighted political act. It would be
 more than just an inconvenience if Que-
 bec later were to become the model for
 the separatists with France's own
 own.

from files by GUY MONTAGNE



Lesage speaking down on the National
 Assembly, an incident not so avoided

most comfortable here. Now we can have
 a buffet."

In the end, the side proved successful.
 The occasion was a propaganda triumph
 and Lesage confessed that he need not
 have worried as hard as he had over the 15-
 minute slot which he had rewritten time
 again during his prior work of holidays
 worrying over it as he strolled on the
 beaches of St. Tropez and Cannes. Only
 the day written open, he has delivered in
 the year since he took over as premier a
 was created simply "We are Québécois"
 and was judged to have been his best ever.
 The analysis of his historical first in
 his own words.

There was one sorry face in the front
 row, however—Pelletier's. He moved
 through the three-day visit and a swirl of
 rumors about his retirement, looking even
 more down than usual. Nevertheless,
 he was the only member of the Quebec
 government to be seen in the front row
 saying "It was the sort of speech I
 expected from Mr. Lesage."

One which he had not expected, how-
 ever, had come earlier that same morning.
 Despite the fact that he had received no
 specific request, he had made a point of
 doing his diplomatic duty and showing up
 at the airport to greet Lesage. In the off-
 icial receiving line, French Prime Minister
 Raymond Barre was joined as he greeted
 the Quebec premier as his co-workers as-
 tended to show him the table as such of his
 personal political philosophy had been
 announced. Mr. Pelletier's face (but he
 heard the words which Lesage had been
 confirmed to reporters. "Bourgeois classism



Lesage speaking down on the National
 Assembly, an incident not so avoided

THE U.S.

The people have spoken

On November 3, 1976, the British politi-
 cian Edmund Burke delivered a ringing
 and much-quoted defense of repre-
 sentative democracy in the chambers of
 British Columbia's House of Commons.
 There, where "wisdom and majesty" and
 representative "ought always to respect to
 hear" them. But "unfortunate" in-
 structions and mistakes, which a member
 "should never be to vote," not content to
 "the whole lot of our constituents."

Two centuries later, just over a year
 or two elections the length and breadth of
 the United States are busy engaged in de-
 mocracy (or) democracy as a splendid
 democracy of the people. But the de-
 mocracy is a pillar of their own Con-
 stitution. In August, when of Madison,
 Wisconsin removed a judge because they
 did not like his remarks he made during a
 trial. In September, the citizens of St.
 George, California decided to take a
 beach to their fathers. This month San Francisco
 will be legalizing on more than 20
 years ranging from upon exposure to a
 host purchase debt. Twenty three states
 and hundreds of others now permit their
 citizens to legislate directly. 35 states and
 two territories allow some form of referen-
 dum. 15 states allow direct constitutional
 amendment, and all states have some
 power to remove officials.

the most forms of direct legislation the
 direct representatives do not have to lift a
 finger, or in fact they only do so to apply a
 rubber stamp, and a constitutional amend-
 ment put forward by two sessions—James
 Abourez, a Democrat from South Caro-
 lina, and Mark O. Hatfield, a Republican
 from Oregon—such as extend this
 method of law making to national legisla-
 tion. The Senate has agreed to the
 Senate hearings on the proposal are to be
 held next month. In a letter appealing for
 support, Abourez says that an initiative
 America amendment (as called because of
 the voter initiative movement) founded in
 February now has affiliated groups in 30
 states and a letter to be introduced in the
 House of Representatives.

Abourez's support for direct democracy
 is understandable. It was introduced, in the
 United States at large, in his home state
 of Oregon in order to give people the right to
 voice or consent to certain legislation. If
 an official failed to do his job properly he
 could be dismissed, or legislators passed
 laws contrary to the public interest they
 could be repealed, amended, or replaced.

Advocates of direct democracy claim
 that it is a means of removing voter apathy
 as well as countering abuses of
 power, and after taking root in the Mid-
 west and West, its winning converts in the
 midwestern eastern United States, ac-
 cording to the National Museum of
 American History, William Lloyd
 (he also is with the bumper sticker and
 mottoes. In California and other states
 with busy or legislative systems, car
 bumper carry a long history of slogan-
 izing during election campaigns.

But it is not so popular with legislators,
 lawyers and academics. The reason they
 believe that the public is easily swayed
 and easily misled by such means as capital
 punishment, homosexual rights, racial prej-
 udice and pornography. Some of the
 most vocal opponents of direct legisla-
 tion because of the "madness of it" can
 be found in the chambers of the Wisconsin
 Board of Circuit Judges Judge Warren

Hatfield for the people for the people





Author: listening to the grass rooting

Grass, says demands of public officials are "almost always emotional affairs and based on single decisions."

According to Boyd, the National Municipal League has dropped its policy of unqualified support for direct democracy in favor of indirect action—persuading a legislature to place an issue on a ballot paper. The direct system is too open to abuse, he says.

University of Toronto Professor Walter Bennis, a spokesman in American constitutional law, says that "there are questions that are properly decided by the people and tough questions that are not. There is that old story that comes from Socrates... people are much more likely to listen to the national who prescribes a solution than to the physician who prescribes the hard medicine. British membership of the Common Market, says Bennis, probably should have been decided by the British parliament not by referendum, and whenever decides for future of Quebec, it should not be the people of Canada—if anyone is qualified to decide it's probably the Queen as Canada, though "I cannot imagine a decision coming from that quarter."

An older argument? Well, says Bennis, in the old days it was understood that some people were better equipped than others to govern and it was the voters' prerogative to select these people, "consciously the man in the street understood this better than the intellectuals." But he has not been helped to do so in America, says Bennis, by President Jimmy Carter's avowed non-popular view—and his evoked intention to create a bureaucracy that really is capable of implementing the people's will.

Sometimes a recent opinion poll makes sense. Carter would find the popular will supporting him at least one of his cherished proposals if it were put to the test of a referendum. He wants to introduce a new way for Alaska who have been in the United States illegally since 1976. But a recent Gallup survey showed that only the issue 52% of Americans oppose their President.

BELOW THE GRADE

The Unequal Canadian

The Belgrade conference, now in the middle of a three-month run in the glittering new, green glass Sava Conference Centre, has so far disappointed Soviet diplomats. The Carter administration's intense have shifted from the human rights confrontation with the Soviet Union to determine. But while President Carter himself is taking two weeks and half (strategic arms limitation) and his chief negotiator Arthur J. Goldberg is on a long report from the talks "no coordination" with the Russians, the Soviet record on human rights has come under control, surprisingly tough criticism from other Western countries. Tonight among them the diplomats say no have West Germany, France and Canada.

"One policy is to tell it like it is," says Canada's delegation chief W. T. (Tom) Delworth. "It's a question of being forthright, not tough." But delegates from other countries think Delworth is being modest. The Canadians have been "up there in front the whole time," an American diplomat said.

They have certainly been heard at it. The first diplomats at the Ottawa news work 11-hour shifts and submit on an indigestible diet: strong beer, Yugoslav coffee and long official lunches. Downside: a visible Yugoslavian in fact is holding down two jobs at once. He is an ambassador in Hungary and on weekends from back to Budapest to see his family and meet the embassy.

Delworth and Christopher Austin, who handled the Russian right wing press questions about Moscow's policies of limiting emigration and harassing applicants for exit visas. The Russians have replied, sharply.

In one closed-door session, after Delworth criticized criticism on "human contacts," Soviet delegate Sergei Kondratyev (pronounced—diplomatically naming

Goldberg with Belgrade Conference president Milovan Petic: the Americans enjoy the big talk, Canada talks softly



no cause—"a country where both English and French are spoken") for releasing every visa to some Soviet citizens and allegedly discriminating against immigrants. In another angry exchange, Kondratyev noted sadly that the Canadians were better at asking questions than answering them. Austin retorted that Canada "invites questions" and proceeded to explain Ottawa's human rights policies in full.

Delworth says he doesn't think the Canadians are taking more Russian talk than other Western delegations. But in secret NATO strategy meetings, he has supported a tougher line by the United States to take some of the pressure of Canada. "The Canadians were really the first to break down the Russians' defense by asking specific questions," an American official said. "They forced the Russians to respond."

Canada's approach at the conference differs from the Americans' more in style than in substance, in Delworth's view. "We believe," says the Prime Minister's aide, "that more than once, that if you're going to talk about individual (human rights) cases, it's better to do it in private, through individual channels. We don't do things in public the same way as the Americans."

Still, the two countries coordinate their news closely. Delworth is an old friend of the U.S. deputy chief delegate, Albert (Red) Slover Jr., and Tom and Red often bubble quietly very intimate areas. U.S. Ambassador Goldberg can be more difficult to work with. The headstrong, outspoken 69-year-old former Supreme Court justice has been called "an unbridled mouth." One of his own aides characterizes him as a shade more kindly as "a glib old man."

Outside the conference room, Delworth says, he gets along well with the Russians. But inside it's a different story. "We see that as an expression of Canada's European past—aid of our European present, political, social, cultural and in defense. The Helsinki agreement is a exercise for change, not a codification of the world as it is, which the line European room to think Canada is isolated, and deeply interested, in that process of change."

DOUGLAS MANNING

People

One of the myriad things that makes cartoonist **Garry Trudeau's** *Doonesbury* the best ongoing piece of political satire in the United States is the concentration of real people and real problems. Some of the real people retain their own names either because they deeply inspired **William Slover Coffin**, for instance. Coffin, the former



REVEREND SCOT SLOVER'S THE NAME, SON? I'M THE PRINCE WHO CAN TALK TO THE YOUNG.



Coffin (top) and Sloan with Mark Shek-Sloper and Mike Doonesbury Talbot all

deputy of Yale (which Trudeau attended and where he created *Doonesbury*) and one of the major anti-war and civil rights activists of the 1960s, became the Reverend Scot Slover, "the glibest young priest who can talk to the young." Coffin, now senior minister of Riverside Church in New York, doesn't, however, think he is Slover, whom he sees as "a young sort of character." Nevertheless, when the first *Doonesbury* Special came out during his visit to Newcomer, he wrote of Scot Slover with that of William Slover Coffin.

One does not have to be too wild to recognize the debt of the well-known Godfather plot to what he backs. **Paul Boonay**, who was the prime minister's chief of staff instead of Elton Presley. Although Boonay looks only marginally older today (all that good living) he at last has four adult children, most notably 28-year-old **Debra** whose hit song *You Light Up My Life* is (as they say) making the top of the charts. Number One for the past six weeks. It will be gratifying for the parents of the Presley-Boonay generation to know that young Debra (and her sisters, for that matter) are sweet and pure and decent. They make Dooney and Marie look like Bonnie and Clyde. In that Daddy Pat, appearing on the Johnny Carson Show recently, said he and his wife had to approve



Debby Boone: like father, like daughter

Debby's dates, that she couldn't even go out with a man who had a passed marriage with the rest of the family. Which is fine with a Debra. "I'm happy there just home and it's not cramping my life style at all."

The dinner hosted by Northern Development Minister **Hugh Faulkner** and joined by the presence of **The Queen and Prince Philip**, who to honor some 600 young Canadians who had achieved excellence in the arts and sciences. So it was natural—mandatory—that **Karen Kam and Frank Aspinall**, the internationally acclaimed

Karen and Augustyn: one act, one, was doesn't



stars of the National Ballet, be there. Kam was and Augustyn wasn't, and then Kam told the story. They flew to Ottawa from Regina (where *La Fille du Gard* had to be especially meticulously and checked into the Chateau Laurier. Kam was already in the dining room when Augustyn arrived and, despite his intention, was barred. Although he was meant to sit between Prince Philip and Prime Minister Trudeau, his state was not on the guest list. Eventually he was allowed to sit at the press table, but finally left, went back to his room, and ordered room service. Faulkner did apologize privately but then that minute up for making out on smoked trout and check 100 percent."

In what can only be described as a marriage made in hell, the Sex Pistols—**Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, Paul Cook and Steve Jones** (Paul Cook and Steve Jones)—heir apparent forces with the legendary self-portrait, **Ross Meyer**, to make a movie. The working title is *Assembly In The U.K.*, the same as the album that put the Pistols at the top of the (garage) heap in punk rock. It allegedly is a history



The Pistols: all in good taste, of course

fraternal, written, oddly enough, by the Pinkster Press winning film critic of *The Chicago Sun Times* **Roger Short**. But, of course, it will also be a showcase for the "members of the Pistols and the men entry Boston of Meyer, who has given you *Pizza and Beyond* The *Polity Of The Dole* "There's going to be plenty of sex in this film," columnist **James (Gorell)** " plenty of love with bag too."

Business

The expendable Canadians

It had been growing ominously evident for months. Neither Inco, in Sudbury, miners call the world's largest nickel producer, was in serious trouble. The days had long passed when the giant multinational pulled all the strings in the nickel market, when Canada exported 95% of the free world's nickel and Inco took the usual business cycle's first good years, one lean—usually in 1982—then in the past 10 years, Inco's debt had gone from nothing to \$1.4 billion. Its share of the market had dropped to less than 30% and executives piled up no more than high as new competitive nickel producers stepped away at its once privileged domain and a stubbornly singular world economy suffered demand. In July, Inco broke a sacred tradition and stopped posting the price of nickel—once the basis for buying and selling, now merely a target for competitors to under-cut. Finally, late in October, caught in a classic catch crunch, saying it could no longer defy the laws of supply and demand, Inco announced it would cut back production. With it would go 1,450 jobs by mid-1993 in Sudbury and in Thompson, Manitoba.

For Inco the decision was just a sound business move; but to the workers it was a "betrayal". Twenty-two-year-old Dave Duxell, a miner with a small child and another on the way, summed when he found out about the layoff in order to get another job he has to move away from his family. Reflecting the local bitterness he said: "When I get laid, Inco say you have a future with Inco. Inco is big. Well, the Sud-



Quiet work miners Dave Duxell, with his wife Marlene, daughter Jennifer and son Matthew (right), and the main Inco miner as much for a future with 'Mother'.

bury workers have just worked themselves out of a job."

The reaction across the country surprisingly was even stronger and at times vicious. The layoffs, fully expected by the mining industry which long ago daunted its own weak condition, sent politicians into a frenzy, coming as they did at a time of high union pressure and low government

By Angela Ferrante

tolerance. The Ontario gov't called for nationalization. The province's Liberals wanted Inco to shut down any overseas operations that would compete with Sudbury nickel. Sudbury mayor James Gordon, who faces the prospect of 2,500 unemployed miners in the mid-1990s, called Inco an "18th-century industrialist" for not warning the town sooner. As it became obvious that the town went beyond the



Sudbury basin and pointed to the wreckage in the entire economy. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau stated about a nickel cartel. Even the more reasonable federal proposal to save the jobs by putting Sudbury workers on a four-day week, with some of the difference covered with unemployment insurance, was rejected when it became apparent that the layoffs were no temporary matter but could stretch out indefinitely. As Inco's Chairman J. Edwin Carter warned: "It could get worse before it gets better."

The political reaction was so furious that after a series of meetings between Inco, the union and both levels of government (designed more for effect than to find solutions), Ontario invited Inco to explain the move before a committee of the provincial legislature. The "Inco's owners," as Bud Gemen, New Democrat MP for Sudbury called the Inco people, were going to be forced out of the corporate closet. Inco's senior vice president, Walter Corbuck, shuddered at the prospect "It's going to be worse. There will be a lot of negative shovelled down upon us. It will be a difficult task."

The public response to "Inco's owners" the company, as one Inco man put it, "Completely irrational," fumed Corbuck. After all, as Inco pointed out, it is only one of several troubled mining companies forced to lay off workers. Noranda Mines Ltd., a major copper and zinc producer facing a similarly depressed market, was studying possible layoffs at the Gaspé copper division in Murdochville, Quebec, affecting 1,700 workers. Langmuir operations near Timmins will be shut down with 125 lost jobs, and two other mines in Quebec face temporary shutdowns affecting more than 500 workers. The laying off of another 80 workers in New Brunswick has been held off temporarily while the province looks for solutions. Although Noranda has lost about 3,000 jobs through strikes in the past two years, Falconbridge Nickel Ltd.,

the other much smaller nickel operation in Sudbury, has also raised about 400 jobs this year. But Colborne, Ontario, found itself in even worse shape as both Inco and Algoma Steel Corp. laid off a total of 314 people in a population of 20,000. And in February, Alcan. will close down a fluorapatite mine in Newfoundland, not because it is losing money (which it isn't) but because the company can get the mineral cheaper in Mexico.

The signs are evident everywhere that Canada's eight-billion-dollar-a-year mining industry, employing 140,000 people, is not the rock-solid pillar of the economy Canadians always imagined it to be. As the *Toronto Star* and *Canada* put it in a September report: "Canada's industry is a chronically and grievously ill, indeed, the country, industrially, is rapidly falling behind other nations and, by default, placing its hopes for the future on a resource sector which, in its present form, is inadequate to the task of raising or even maintaining the standard of living which most Canadians take for granted." Complained Noranda head Al Fown: "Everybody in the industry has known for the past two years. But nobody would believe you said something drastic happens."

What made the Inco layoffs such a target, however, was the mismanagement, the concentration in one commodity with a future stemming directly from the company. The Inco problem seemed to crystallize all of Canada's economic anxieties about not being able to compete internationally. It also loudly takes the nation's collective head out of the sand only to point out there is only very little that can be done. The sense of helplessness in the face of a multinational's colossal misadventures was felt very personally by the workers, but also by the politicians. Finance Minister Jean Chrétien summed it up: "It is a responsibility for the government to make all problems. We have to compete with other nations and if we are not in a



position to compete, we are losing jobs. That is a fact."

Unfortunately, a lot of extreme measures were pulled into the debate which only helped to muddle things even more. Inco was criticised for taking a \$75 million loan from the Export Development Corporation, a federal agency, to develop open pit nickel mines in Guatemala and Indonesia which will eventually compete with Sudbury's output (see item on p. 10). But, however true they come with the stipulation that the company hire Canadian people. That particular loan resulted in 4,000 jobs in employment for Canadians and those mines would have been developed anyway, if not by Canadians than by someone else. What is perhaps more worrisome, in the long run, is the development of a steady stream of an almost limitless supply of nickel-bearing ores. These have 25% ownership in a continuous new stream of the free bill of exchange in the market. When that comes about, as early as the mid-1990s, competition from hard-based mining of nickel will definitely be over.

But all the explanation and efforts come from the workers being laid off, even though, paradoxically, in Sudbury (which has a total local about 4,000 jobs) counting the ripple effect had about 164 million in interest. The news was accepted with a measure of resignation. It's the same kind of resignation that for years allowed Mother Inco's belching sulphurous emissions to pollute the landscape (lots of trees and shrubs, Inco after all, helped to give Sudbury its high wages, and protectively contained a back in the response year of 1975). The old-timers are used to Inco going and taking away, knowing that in the long run the workers with the least investment will be dropped off like dead ideas on a giant and simply drift off. Synthetic has already passed through town trying to attract money to Alberta's tar sands. Denison Mines in nearby Elliot Lake is ready to take money into the housing and tourism sectors. Some of the single men have already gone. Inco was already paying its mineral work force, mostly because of mechanisation, from a high of 37,000 in 1971, about 34,000 before the present layoffs. Mayor Gordon says the town was ready for the Inco work force to drop to about 9,000 by the early 1980s but not for the onslaught of Peter M. Gys's 25-year-old laid off miner with two kids and a big mortgage, reminding us, his situation is today. "The guys who were laid off will just move on and people will forget. The people in Sudbury figure we're a lost cause, so now let's see what we can do about preserving future problems."

Sudbury has in years been pulled together by the layoffs and by the time it's left to push the government to help directly the local economy, something it has been crying for without result for years. For the first time in its history, such harsh loss as the United Steelworkers of America, who represent the Inco workers, and the local

It's a cold, cruel world out there, and not just in Sudbury

Business column by Peter Brimelow

The good streaks, the good news. The enthusiasm and the reform—inco the government and unions—glaring, bloody and better, meant to their respective causes. It's been a dramatic fight, but a depressing one from the point of view of Canada's future. Industry experts are generally sceptical at the popular portrayal of Inco as a corporate giant, chucking evilly out its way with nations and labor unions. It's a lot of money. From 1984, Martin, Swedish-born mining minister to Toronto-based Wabicon, Steelco, Cochrane, Mercury Limited.

Inco is actually a delicate organism, hopelessly vulnerable to circumstance, forced to cut back perhaps to eliminate its dividend, based a possible loss next year. The Canadian industrialist has already accumulated half the modelled nickel in the world, hoping to avoid dispersing its mining assets, and its business can stand no more. It is locked into its overseas obligations for various kinds of reasons. Even the saving of the Canadian layoff an-

nouncement was controlled by another commission, especially in the United States, where Inco stock is heavily traded (although 32% is now in Canadian hands). Better public relations, under the circumstances, would be like getting a punch in the back. The problem is that public opinion was poised to collapse on Inco's head.

But this happened because economics, like death, is a depressing subject, and we prefer to avoid. We are helped by Prime Ministerial fantasies about a social cartel embracing producers and consumers, a contradiction in terms involving an appalling ignorance of world market forces. It is comforting to believe that we can live forever in the same place doing the same job. We therefore employ a painful game to tell us so. They are called socialist. A job is to them as successful as private property was to the Victorians. Their faith is going to bring to other jobholders and nations a far more radical of surrounding reality. Like the 19th century, no one will survive as a result of the Sudbury layoffs. It is true that all this tends, through cross-subsidization, to discourage money moving from nickel (which is not needed) to uranium (which is) and therefore with money flows every one a standard of living. However, we can regard this as a sort of society-wide heart attack, which is rather for the sake of virtue. It is all very human. And for a trading nation such as Canada, about as effective in warding off market forces as the Soviet Ghost Dance was against the bullets of the U.S. cavalry.

Chamber of Commerce find themselves in a fix. The regional government, strapped with a \$100 million debt with little room to move in generating jobs, has been promising for help. (The region was about to go to U.S. money markets to borrow \$6.5 million when the layoffs were announced and it was forced to withdraw.) It is working a while before approaching Moody's for a credit rating. To some degree, the region is managing in almost silence. The federal government is rather plans to build a data centre and is considering a new main security price in a new security plant for the Sudbury area. The province is going ahead with a government office tower scrapped in the last of the century. Thoughts are being given to building a rapid transit system between Sudbury and Elliot Lake which has plenty of work but no housing. "We're far from dead," said regional chairman Douglas Firth. "But it will be a rough four years."



Iron chairman J. B. Gordon, just after a meeting with Premier Davis, last week.



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Law

Attention may have shifted from it, but abortion remains a major issue

It used to be the Doctors' agents, the triple leaf and Niagara Falls. "But now when I travel outside Canada," says Mary Mills head of Canada's Planned Parenthood Federation, "people ask about Quebec. Margaret Trudeau and Morgentaler." Dr. Henry Morgentaler's battle with Canada's abortion laws may have put us on the map, but a year after the Montreal abortionist was allowed to return to work the Criminal Code remains unchanged. Anyone trying "to procure the miscarriage of a female

conception. To use abortion pills, those after-the-fact methods have a newly begun life and are immoral. To legal parents, the "new contraception" obscures the once clear boundary between contraception and abortion.

This month a meeting of Common wealth health ministers in New Zealand will hear a paper, prepared by University of Toronto Professor Bernard Dickens and Rebecca Cook of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, compar-

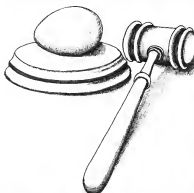
ing Canadian universities, is currently serving low dose steroid pills on 3,000 university students. Taken within 72 hours after unprotected sexual intercourse, they are an emergency method to induce menstruation. Plunkert, who is chairman of the committee, says the compound is a milder alternative to RU-486 (the so-called morning after pill) and also the most associated form of postnatal birth control.

Miscarriage induction can be used to make a sample of the womb lining in testing women with irregular menstrual periods that used on women suspected of being in the very early stages of pregnancy. It is deemed an abortion "if it is in the eye of the beholder," says Plunkert. "Because of the law I don't think it's practiced very widely in Canada." Montreal gynecologist Louis Forget says office abortions are performed without committee approval "in great numbers in Quebec."

Forster, a former president of both Planned Parenthood and the Canadian Society of Obstetrics and Gynecologists, says after-the-fact insertion of an intrauterine device (IUD) is "one of the best postnatal contraceptives." No one really knows how well it works. They are thought, in part, to prevent a floating fertilized egg from settling in the uterus. And for Toronto obstetrician Heather Morris that's abortion. "Life begins at conception," says Morris, head of the 1,600 member Canadian Physicians for Life, a group calling for strict abortion laws. She argues that any substance taken after conception to halt a suspected pregnancy is an abortion, whether you call it that or not.

Sometimes perhaps, but the erosion of decency of abortion isn't an isolated anomaly. Like suicide, homosexuality and divorce, it is a growing fact of Canadian life. The legal issue of abortion will do little to deter a woman who wants one but will affect how she goes about getting it. And it won't be the first time medical practice has left the law running on the spot. Statutes forbidding the distribution of birth control information and devices were not removed from the Criminal Code until 1969 despite a 1936 case involving Ontario public health nurse Dorothy Oshes. Plunkert was one of about 30 women leading one birth control clinic in early Canadian histories during the Depression. She was acquitted. By the 1930s, condoms were sold openly in drugstores and doctors were prescribing them and diaphragms despite the law. Mills says "We'll be here in 40-60 years for abortion. So we're up, too?"

CHERRY HARRIS



person, whether or not she is pregnant, without approval of a hospital committee, is liable to life imprisonment. Legal experts agree that Morgentaler's three jury acquittals on charges of performing illegal abortions are a precedent for future acquittals. But who wants to risk it? "After what he went through it would take someone with a death wish," says Dr. Earl Plunkert of the University of Western Ontario.

While the letter of the law remains intact, so many are working hard to develop better and safer methods of therapeutic abortion as well as various means of intercepting a fertilized egg within hours of

ing abortion laws. A 20 Commonwealth jurisdiction survey of 10 "advanced" countries noted, Canada boasts the most lenient legal grounds for abortion: threats to life, physical or mental health of the mother. Others, including Britain, India and Australia, have written into their abortion laws not justifications for first-degree socioeconomic barriers, rape and incest. Only Singapore provides abortion on request. Two other papers review the new postnatal birth control methods, many of which are in use in Canada. The Canadian Committee on Fertility Research is a network of researchers from

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Television

There's nothing people won't do for John Kastner



The people at the Super Value store at
westside Vancouver were suspicious.
There was this guy on the phone, claiming
to be from the CBC, asking permission to
film a "hangar butcher sequence." Hanging
butcher indeed. No way was a team of re-
porters coming inside Super Value to make
a new good but cover later. But the voice
on the other end persisted until the process
reversed. And that's how John Kastner
made his delightfully zany hidden-camera
film about shoppers waiting for their sup-
plies in the supermarket. Never mind that
Canadiana was supposed to be reserved
for the Vancouver shoppers were fairly un-
impressed as they rolled and craned about
Shake 'n Bake, corned beef and onion
sausages. And in late September, *The
Slapping Disaster* was the first in John Kas-
tner's series of candid, repulsive shows
Thursday after the news on cable's 80 Min-
ute Live. Viewers loved it, and so they
should be the best of Kastner's vigils.
He has taken the old *Good Canadian* tech-
nique and stretched it. The result is a que-
tude, theatre, skills in which Kastner
must be writer, actor, producer and clown.

At 30, Kastner makes the brazen on-
camera and relentless bombast of an
inhabitant on a late spring day. He is not
sweated, and plying his line outside a
sausage shop, *How To Pick Up Girls*. He
never will be. In this one he accused young
women in Calgary with such deathless
flow as "Who's your dream? You have
such beautiful teeth." The women let him
smile.

Kastner's acting career began at age
eight and by 14 he was one of the leading
Canadian comedians, eventually appearing
in "handfuls" of CBC radio and television

**Kastner as The Slapping Butcher couldn't
have to be crazy and it doesn't even help**

dramas. When he was 19 he was producing
television shows for Screen Gems, was on
a regular south column for the old Toronto
Telegram, and having *Arms for the* on
radio.

A self-confessed workaholic, Kastner
has two distinct advantages over his con-
temporaries: a four-year edge on all those
Seneca people who languished in political
science classes and student scholasticism
and membership in the ubiquitous Kastner
club. Ranked Prime 32, is currently starring
in the current season *Clayton's*. For *Senior* Sevens
35 was a make a hit in the 1970s when she
created herself as a beauty (12-50 and five
dollars extra) of the water block (several of
coloured people). Younger sister Kathy—
now like Seneca, an ad copywriter—was a
child star in the old *Maniac* *Kastner* trans-
lates *Kastner* (they are all he is, in-
cluding, talented, innovative and worse
they never stop).

It is this drive and energy that make
Kastner's acts so good. Take, for ex-
ample, *Capitol Hill's Slapping And*.
not. Kastner dresses a 50 Minutes Live
producer, Rick Martin, in a *Maniac* *war-*
rior and a top coat (shirts tied down in
midtown Toronto, and then his poverty
to produce his voice. Martin says (and
looks) like a cross between Tiny Tim and a
half dead cat and the humor comes from
the dated reactions of the participants.
Most of them he. Kastner says the can-
did usually "the last to me" but he wants
to balance them with "one big democra-
tic year." That's fine but long and doesn't
keep it on all the time. **DAVID M. MAYER**

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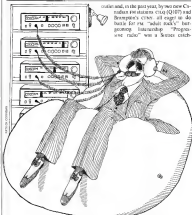


William Jiff
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Radio

The sound of money



creation and, in the past year, by two new Canadian FM stations: CIOU (Q107) and Borealis's CIOU, all eager to do battle for the "adult modern" listening audience. "Progressive radio" was a Swiss catch-

in Toronto in the late Sixties, twirling the FM radio dial meant entering an aural wasteland populated by an equalizing light classical music. Town And Country station wowed ads and teeny poppy announcements FM was an afterthought, the doddering whisperer of money-grubbing old-timey crooners. In 1965 all that changed when CIOUAM, perennial Top 40 AM radio thump, attempted to bail out its money-losing FM classical music outlet by going "progressive." Again the policy: Money the K was importing from New York to enable and buy his way through hours of Age of Aquarius can be interspersed with the Grateful Dead and Ultimate Speech.

Monday, Murray could within a few months but to many people's surprise, "progressive" radio struggle on and well-defined and polished adult classical, with 570,000 listeners, because the most popular FM outlet in the country. But now CIOU is being challenged, this by an American

phone, instead, when young entrepreneurs realized they could turn a tidy profit by offering the youth market "underground" music unavailable on AM dials crowded with R. C. and the Southern Band and the Bay City Rollers. In the beginning FM listening remained fringe, but with the Sex Pistols and the inextinguishable cropping of the baby-boom population bulge, "teenyboppers" became "young adults" and with the change a genre shift came a change in both musical tastes and disposable income. Radio station managers seldom slow to notice such things, responded quickly. In 1974 Bellini's with FM became Rock 100, a fully automated hit-slab outlet which boomed straight to the southern Ontario market, eventually capturing, in the low hours of broadcast, massive ad savings, almost 750,000 Canadian listeners.

CIOU's response was predictable. The cheerful anarchy which characterized that station's early days was replaced with what

"I've got less than a minute to spend with passengers, but it's all I need."

Tom Charles,
Passenger Agent, Toronto.

"I meet five to six hundred people a day. And because I have less than a minute to spend with each customer, speed, efficiency and courtesy are important. Yet, as little time as it is, I still meet them all face to face. I don't think there's any other way to help people. When a customer talks to me, they're really talking to all of us at American Airlines. You get a good feeling knowing you're helping people. And it's one of the things I do best."

We're American Airlines.
Doing what we do best.

I AM AMERICAN AIRLINES

Few scotches are up to Parr.

Five to eight years is about average for aging your average scotch. But Old Parr isn't your average scotch. It's twelve years in the making. And time really makes a difference. It's a difference you can taste in any bottle of Old Parr.

12 Year Old Parr

You won't miss the pennies. They will.
Help Unicef help.



program director Warren Corfield describes as "more delicate," i.e. Pinewood Mass and Eagles records played until the grooves collapsed. The variety of music was reduced, the amount of records more limited, and such personality sound as staples as greasy guitars and "riffs" were introduced. And it worked. In the spring of 1977 (and in 1980) because Canada's music listened to FM outlets. But the challenges to CKOI's supremacy were not about to disappear.

With a success record to have convinced the CBC that the Toronto area can support another "progressive station" (see: Communications Ltd.—headed by former Global TV president and CKLM station manager) Allan Skelton was granted the license and spent more than \$500,000 getting CKOI copy-out a tag on the air. Although CKOI suffers most their sound is different, the various appearances he made in one another. "We program most of the same albums as CKLM," concedes program manager Dave Charles, "but we play a greater variety of cuts." Although CKOI only began broadcasting May 21, too late to be included in the last nine survey, Charles reveals that a special nine report commissioned by the station, showed it with about 360,000 listeners. Even better, some 75% of CKOI's commercial time has been sold.

In Brampton, meanwhile, CKOI is charged in crazy-quilt programming format July 15 after an estimated \$500,000 investment in two new transmitters housed its signal to 100,000 watts. Unlike the blind McDonald's hamburger approach of the other stations, which only offer more than 100,000 copies of their product in advertising agencies and plays everything from Back to Back to Back and When—90's, more music, more program director David Prichard. Prichard, late-eight announcer and host back at CKOI in 1968 to 1976 brings a wealth of talent in free-form radio to CKOI. "It takes guts to do what we're doing," he says. John Panklaid, CKOI's creative director, dismisses CKOI as a "radio station" and he may be right only about 40% of its commercial time has been sold.

So far, CKOI is in line with a financial peak. Most advertisers have either expanded their budgets to include the new stations or gone to them. CKOI is a good way says Toronto adman Paul Cohen, adding, "Once the Fall Book [rate ratings] comes out in early December, we'll all have to reevaluate the situation."

Although the three stations are battling for the same market and ad dollars, no one seems primed for a bare-knuckle competition. Only CKOI pulled the gridlock in mid-July when it took out a newspaper ad touting its increased wages and learned, "Eat your heart out, CKOI!" Asked if he's concerned about the job or results of the Fall Book, Corfield replies, "When you're number one you don't ever think of anything." (ENR/AD/04/8)



Where yesterday meets today.

Where you can walk the same footprints that launched new world seafarers.

Or leave the beaten track and make discoveries of your own. Where a warm white sun will shine down on your holiday as early as March or as late as November.

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Where you can find a special island that's almost your very own. Or a village just waiting to adapt you. You have it all with Greece. Immortal Greece. Where yesterday meets today.

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What ever happened to glossy offices? Where did Toronto's fabulous daybreak and exposed-beam business quarters come from, with their patterned pews and beautiful people?

More important, what's the sound decor that goes so well with a century-old Toronto warehouse zone like?

Listen, and more often than not, it's the fall, rich, stereo sound of CKFM. The sound of bright people talking to bright people. Contemporary music. Distinctive and original programming that goes the distance as far as it goes.

The sound of a mix in touch with itself, even when it works Toronto, you're working to the sound of the great FM years on CKFM 99.9

Behavior

If you were really happy you'd wag your tail

A decade before Alan Bailey's *Knott* made genetics the obsession of the nation, a group of five men unveiled public interest in tracing the animal roots of human behavior. Flipping over their all was anthropologist Desmond Morris, the creator of a series of pseudoscientific best sellers which read like horoscopes. What began with *The Naked Ape* in 1967, followed closely by *The Human Zoo* and *Intimate Behavior*, has just come to a second bill with the publication of *Manwatching: A Field Guide to Human Behavior*, Morris' study of physical symbols and gestures.

While the first books may have done little for anthropology as a science, they did at least give readers a new way of perceiving themselves and accounting for their behavior in the human zoo. For the happy reader—men and out of shape—it was comforting to be told that somewhere, beneath all the blubber, the premeditated beast was still in the pool.

There is nothing half as precious as *Manwatching*, certainly nothing worth the

\$18.95 cost of the book, fish-bone. Morris considers eye-rolls and winks, smiles and shrugs, and declares that they are often a more eloquent means of communication among naked apes than words over than is that nonverbal language, speech. Gestures communicate what people truly feel more often than words, he claims, reducing the shopworn message of the "body language" books in vogue several years ago. The "tail" of your words can be contradicted by the "yes" of your gestures—a phenomenon to which Morris gives the book's one useful term, Nonverbal Leakage. Politeness, he contends, have learned better than their ancestors to control Nonverbal Leakage: they suppress giveaway gestures—the Mouth Corner, the Earlobe Pull, the Chin Stroke—which are signals that the speaker isn't telling the truth.

Though Morris postulates animal origins for some gestures, *Manwatching* lacks the excitement of previous quacks for man's animal past. No, he explains, derives from the way an infant turns his face away



What is this man trying to say, anyway?

from the maternal breast when no longer hungry. On the other hand, social conversation accounts the meaning of some gestures, tapping the nose with the forefinger in a signal for secrecy in England but a warning of danger in Italy. As a catalogue of applicable gestures, the book does an adequate job of explaining the obvious. But Morris avoids coming to terms with gestures as a constant expression of any culture, which means *Manwatching* will be a heavyweight only on the coffee table. **KARL WILSON/STYLING**

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The character of a fine white table wine comes through the artful blending of carefully selected wines. With Sommet Blanc, wines vinted from specially-imported premium California grapes are skillfully selected and blended with wines from French hybrid and vinifera grapes from the sunny slopes of B.C.'s Okanagan Valley. Our cellarmaster's 42 years of wine blending experience results in Sommet Blanc's distinctive character. Dry. Fresh. And delicate. A genuinely outstanding wine that, in three short years, has won five awards of excellence in international competition against wines from some of the world's finest vineyards.



Books

And you, Dame Agatha, know more—much more—than you're telling

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
by Agatha Christie
(Corgi/Publishers \$16.95)

In her autobiography mystery writer Agatha Christie reveals arriving early at London's Savoy Hotel one evening in 1962 to prepare for a party on the tenth anniversary of her moon-busting play *The Mousetrap*. A negligent security guard failed to recognize the author and officially barred her from the private rooms reserved for the occasion. "Anyway, like a coward," I accepted the rebuff, turned tail and wandered miserably toward the commons of the Savoy, trying to get up my courage to go back and say "Hi, Moll!" Luckily, the writer was rescued by a friend and soon returned to the party.

Christie's autobiography, recently completed in 1995 and published two years after her death, is sprinkled with nuggets of the nature and is revealing. These Christie fully addresses herself to a different kind of mystery—not "whodunit" but "who was she?" Curious readers, not content with rereading plots and enjoying fresh have long hungered for a clear look at the retired 85-year-old author who sold 80 million copies of 86 books and won her fictional detectives, Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple, a permanent

Christie of former a significant witness

place in the mystery genre alongside Sir Jack Holmes. But behind the scenes glimpses are seldom permitted due to what Christie called her "invaluable but irritable" secretary—a complaint that led her to suspect that the publication of her autobiography, he drew post-humously.

Although the strength of the thought of appearing in public, Christie proves somewhat bolder in print. With her wit and wit she keeps contempt upon her dear old-life misadventures, bubbles with enthusiasm over her dinner with the Queen and starts with disgust at journalists—"yipping" loudly following her every whom? But the real surprise are the few lines about her work. We learn, for example, that Belgian refugees in a nearby parish prompted her to invent the kindly Belgians detective Poirot and that the love interest Jane Marple was patterned after some of her grandmother's Victorian courtiers.

But stimulate the 352-page autobiography fails to satisfy because of Christie's inflicting feeling that writing was nothing more than an engraving hobby—"that I was pretending to be an author." Blowing this alleged her career is a sub-ordinary position she rambles on about party dresses and pots but includes our already few insights into the evolution of

her craft or the effect her enormous popularity had upon her day-to-day affairs. Devotees will be grateful for the occasional revealing comment, but the volume, valuable to the Christie devotee may well have been laid to rest with Poirot and Miss Marple.

HEINRICH FREUDENBERG

The thrill of discovery

by John Hopton (on poetry)
by John Hopton (on poetry)
(Macmillan of Canada \$9.95)

The play double-breasted suit jacket author John Hopton's book is undoubtedly, from an honest poet's point of view, a little bit of a soft place. His face is pale, weak-kneed, with a high forehead—a countenance that would not have been out of place among



Saulin in Paris with resuscitation

the dandy-author in the Elise-Dionne era of a Harold Acton. Can Connolly or Evelyn Waugh. Not would Saul's personal background and environment. Though his was one way to go before hitting Waughland at 30 his first thriller *The Book of Eve*, is usually the best example of the genre ever written in this country.

Still, from a CanLit point of view, Saul seems to the literary circuit with barely a

Now you're talking!

You're talking about the problems of alcohol in everyday life—and that's bringing them into the open. You've written in from coast to coast in response to "Dialogue on drinking" to share your suggestions, experiences and reactions. It's clear that responsible citizens—drivers, non-drivers, social drinkers, ex-drinkers, teenagers, grandparents, social workers, students—are concerned about Canada's alcohol problems. All agree there is a crying need for moderation along with more information and education on alcohol-related problems and some feel there is a need for a change in attitude because "often more tolerance is shown to the drunk than the non-drinker," even though responsible drinkers and non-drinkers are in the majority.

You're telling

"Why" where and how far do we go in the name of social responsibility? Why "sobriety" when non-alcoholic punches are often a part of the party? Why "people are always trying to 'sober' people"? Why "it's a drinker's fault behind the wheel of a car and his wife reports that nothing doing—this is a household matter—unless he tells someone."

You're concerned

"Society makes people like a book if you don't drink." "The message

continually repeated on TV is 'you have to drink.' " "So given liquor ads in the name of social responsibility as your black and white ad showing the other side." "The media image requires that a man be a 'hard' drinker."

You're pointing out

"In many social issues in Canada the only social activity is to go down to the local hotel for a few drinks." "The cultural norm is to a smoker on an ashtray I have read that death (don't say any more) drinking victims."

"I am not advising absolute abstinence but am absolutely convinced of the importance of providing oneself to become so intoxicated that one falls from an others."

You're suggesting

"A series of radio or TV programs showing realistically what happens when a person drinks too much." "Focus on controls on advertising." "Very severe penalties for impaired drivers." "Increase for senior citizens on many young people on handling the situation of a drunk husband."

And...you're doing!

In Ontario, the Thunder Bay City writes for "Dialogue on drinking" is well on its way. In Nova Scotia, local committees have been set up with various clubs to discuss with hundreds of people, alcohol and its impact on the community. In Bathurst, New Brunswick, 80 Knights of Columbus have asked how they can help. As northern Manitoba, "Dialogue" posters are appearing and people are more apt to take pride in being able to control their consumption at a reasonable level.

Now, we're talking! We're talking about the problems alcohol can cause. And better we're doing something about them together and because of your efforts, a more responsible attitude to drinking is emerging.

"I see my own and my friends' attitudes changing, instead of bringing new drinks we get on a genuine right we are more apt to take pride in being able to control our consumption at a reasonable level."

And that, after all, is what "Dialogue on drinking" is all about—it's a program that helps you talk about and do

something about drinking problems. We'd like to hear more from you.

Dialogue on drinking

Materials on drinking problems and Operation Lifesaver



Help us
and others
in Canada
live safer lives

Get us
and others
in Canada
live safer lives



Once in a blue moon a potion like Parfait Amour

A subtle blend of French
vanilla and citrus fruits — a
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Blue Moon
1 1/2 oz. gin or vodka
1 oz. Parfait Amour
Ice with crushed ice, straws and serve
with lemon twist

Parfait Amour . . .
it means perfect love



Liqueurs de France

Thomas Rowlandson to his taste. He's the son of a Canadian military man, educated at McGill, King's College, London, England, and L'École de Sciences Politiques in France. He is furthermore, that curious hybrid who manages to exist in the slightly French world of the wine connoisseur and columnist (for *Wine & Spirit International*) as well as the swaggering politician and politician's substance of Calgary where he is executive assistant to Petro-Canada Chairman Minister Staring. *Kind of Prey* was researched in France over a period of 6 1/2 years. The book (originally written in French and first published in France) is based on the mysterious plane crash in March 1966 that killed the Chief of the French General Staff, General Adrien. Apart from Adrien, all of the book's characters have fictional names on spec of Saul's claim to have interviewed 120 people in his unearthing of what he believes was the murder plot that downed the plane. *Kind of Prey*. "Under French law a confidential book on French politics by a foreigner can be seized by the Minister of the Interior and confiscated without recourse to the courts. Why research six years only to have your book gotten shut?" Why not, particularly when you can have the best of both worlds: enormous amounts of publicity in the French press for digging up a political scandal and the freedom to write a thoroughly engaging thriller enhanced by fact. The most exciting thing about Saul's book, with its fascinating glimpses of the byzantine of French politics and its terrifying conclusions about the progression of evil, is not any new light it throws on the Adrien affair but the hard-fought beam of silent it adds to our literary life.

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST FICTION

- 1 *The Razorbill*, Tashiro (1)
- 2 *The Honourable Schindler*, La Gervé (2)
- 3 *Art of God*, Tompkins (4)
- 4 *Dancing Girls*, Alford (6)
- 5 *The Throat Beats*, McCullough (8)
- 6 *Desert Mirrors*, Fowler (15)
- 7 *Dracula*, De Vries, Robinson
- 8 *Orphanage Delight*, Lee
- 9 *Cross to The Sun Again*, Callaghan
- 10 *Requiem, Thiel, Shaw* (7)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Dinner Years*, Berlin (7)
- 2 *All Things Wise And Wonderful*, Herfel (2)
- 3 *Tom Thompson*, Tupper (2)
- 4 *Dear Mr. Lillian* (6)
- 5 *The Book Of Luke*, Wachobinsky (10)
- 6 *Waters Of Europe*, Brundage
- 7 *Looking Out For #1*, Ringer (4)
- 8 *The Country Story Of An Extensive Lady*, Heinen (3)
- 9 *The Fossil Island*, Johnson, Montague (10)
- 10 *Canada Controlled*, Alford (10)

(1) Fiction list only

Percentages are of the
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Liqueurs de France



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Films

Horseman, pass by! Please!

EQUUS
Directed by Sidney Lumet

Peter Shaffer's play *Equus* in the kind of work that looks profound to audiences that have never ventured out farther than their deep into the sea of art. Against a lightly stylized setting, it tells the story of a stable boy who thinks his horses are in place under the care of a dedicated professional psychiatrist. Young Alan and Dr. Dysan are forever locked in a common therapeutic combat. What emerges is that the boy first dedicated himself to a passionate, neurotic worship of an imaginary horse-god, Equus, and later derived sexual thrills from riding real horses. The closest, whose marriage to a frigid, Scottish dentist has gone sour and septic, and whose erotic sublimations consist of staring at reproductions of Greek sculptures and occasional trips to Greece, has to wait

the boy even though he craves his impersonal orgasm.

It turns out, in the course of flashback, representing the boy's confessions to his doctor, that the blinding occurred when a young acquaintance, Jill, tried to seduce Alan in the stable under the gaze of the horses; the boy poured his passion with her and when the horses—or Equus—ventured to stare at him reprehensibly, he was deterred by the realization. Years later Dysan to Alan's parents reveal the consequences of this average bourgeois couple, themselves severely unfitted, to cope with the boy's odd exorcism. When you put all this together a romantic Freudian expects to figure out that the play—and now Shaffer's own adaptation of it to the screen—is a hymn to homosexuality disguised as a paragon to unconventional sexual behavior of a different sort. This intention is played in, in spite of all these unsatisfactory heterosexual relationships between the Dysans, Alan's parents, and Alan and Jill. That the boy has to be cured, made ordinary (for which real heterosexuality is viewed by none other than his psychiatrist as a tragic necessity, Freud!)

Shaffer and others have denied that *Equus* is homosexual propaganda, which to me it clearly is made necessary by the fact that, in an age of sexual out-spokenness, it risked accusations as a story about a boy and his horse. The writing in the play was poetic and plodding in the same as the movie which Sidney Lumet's version has made even more pedantic than the play.

For the one thing that distinguished the play was the dream-like setting in which

John Dexter, the director, had placed it. This was something of a bonus; they were reminded by the horses, the horses were seen in equine robes, and the lighting and music further added to the anti-intellectual, hallucinatory atmosphere. The movie, while making an occasional bow to symbolism, leaves the story sensationally gripping in an actual form for disturbed young people, parents, horses, and a blinding sense that is explicit and poignant. And there are various shots of the naked boy and horse in sexual embraces that should delight kinky spectators.

Desperately, the film tries to insert everyday actions and background where the play had none. We get kitchen scenes, dining-room scenes, horse-grooming scenes. But with Dr. Dysan's long soliloquies to the audience, the film just plods give-up. Richard Boron, who except for at least one of his staff, does directly enough by Dysan's insistence to look during those scenes and manhandles away Oswald Morris, the vicarous, sensitive British veterinarian, is forced to come in tight with the camera, and the movie lighting levels in a halfhearted attempt to get a sedate, serene face and one eye to be out of the shadows, making it look as if one of his eyes had been gouged out too.

Peter Firth as Alan, occupies the stage role to his capacity, but in the explicit new context, less appealingly. All the supporting parts are played by nice British performers. Colin Blakely, Eileen Atkins and Jenny Agutter triumph over their second-rate roles, but Joan Plowright, Harry Andrews, and Celia-Johnson, Kate Reid go under. Even the worst by the distinguished English composer Richard Rodney Bennett is a sell-out—typical movie music by a man who can write solid concert music. But the saddest thing about the film is its



Firth and Agutter in the love scene that wasn't: Is it better to have killed a horse than never to have loved at all?



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in an indicial applied to Dwyer's speech as defense of the boy's admission—a piece of demagogic sophistry unlikely enough to make the most crooked politician cringe. *Apex* is so Arabian thoughtful only a draught borne with delicious grace. **JOHN SHERMAN**

Gorgeous George

(H) (GQ)
Directed by Carl Hester

The notion of paying money to watch American pop singer and poet laureate of Columbia Juke Denver leave the act is sufficient reason for some to avoid *Oh God!* But there are other problems in this Hollywood version of revelation. The first ardent supporter Larry Gelbart (author of the Broadway hit *Sly*) has condensed the plot. A Southern California rapper-musician (referred to as John Denver) receives an unlikely summons to interview the Lord (George Burns) on the 27th floor of a 17-story Los Angeles office building. Crossing stairs and lobby, Denver finds himself in a futuristic all-white office containing one white chair. "I thought this way we'd have a little privacy," Burns explains through a small white curtain. "Please, don't smoke. Tobacco was one of my big mistakes."

The Lord tells Denver that he has been chosen to "spread the word that I am, that I exist... and that I'm not just a flower that very quickly." In a sequence that might have been filled with more of a television interview, Denver then drives home and describes the encounter to his blond, curly-haired wife (mostly played by Tim Curry) who offers him chicken soup and puts him to bed. The following morning, however, God appears in the flesh and it is here that director Carl Reiner's funny scenes for a more serious story.

Burns appears in Denver's bedroom wearing outdoor slacks, flannel shirt and fishing cap. "I picked a look you'd appreciate," he explains. Then he launches a series of one-liners so deftly that the look-alike plot, the unremarkable and even Denver's reluctant prayers fade into the background. The unremarkable 60-year-old, who won an Academy Award two years ago for *The Swimmer*, plays it perfectly as one in the role of God and, to his credit, Reiner, a gentle, low-makeup colleague of Mel Brooks, has not tampered with an act that has been lovingly polished for more than half a century. As a Peeps Department manufacturer, a car driver, a hotel hostess, or God in Reiner's gaze, Burns is regrettably dry, understated and in total control of his material.

Oh God? would be unadmirable was it not for George Burns. He solves the viewer into liking the film as easily as he solves Denver into jeopardizing his job and finally to further God's word. One leaves the theater feeling content and motionless, with the sense of having seen a master at work. **HELEN EPSTEIN**

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Theatre

Do-it-yourself Broadway, or: Why wait around for the roadshow?

On Broadway, where money makes more noise than a bantam's audience at a hot comedy, the word is producer Philip Langner's 54th Street office was developing. A couple of young Canadian entrepreneurs, Moses Zinnerman and Garth Drobinsky, sat quietly in expensive three-piece suits, sipping the autographed pictures of George Bernard Shaw and William Heyburn, and pushed a \$500,000 bank draft across Langner's desk. The cheque was a down payment on a piece of Broadway's most valuable real estate this season: a play entitled *Golda* that, before its opening November 14, appeared to be a sure-thing hit—script by Wilford Brinley (*Two For The Sevens*), direction by Arthur Penn (*Home And Away*) acting by Anne Bancroft (*The Mirror*), *Brooklyn*, and life story by former Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir. These ingredients had been mixed together to produce a one million dollar Broadway box office advance: one of the largest reported in years.

Sell the offer accompanying the \$500,000 cheque was auctioneer Zinnerman and Drobinsky, who the night before



Zinnerman (above), Drobinsky (left) and Lightstone (right) a *Golda* opportunity

over the, wondered who since 1972 had wheeled and dealed an independent Toronto television station, CTV, into the black. Zinnerman, 35, now possibilities in the book, a studio, part for a new Lightstone not to mention a big profit for himself.

When Zinnerman investigated, it turned out Golda's rights had been acquired by 51-year-old Philip Langner, head of New York's Theatre Guild, and a veteran producer who spent four years convincing Meir that her life story should be drama and Zinnerman was astounded. He phoned a friend, Garth Drobinsky, a 29-year-old lawyer, *Meir* producer (*The Last Frontier*) and partner in a previous theatrical venture, and rebranded him with the idea of mounting a Canadian production of *Golda*. "It became emotional a long time ago that the big deals are not going to come any way," Zinnerman says. "I'm going to have to go out and get them."

The two arrived in New York armed with \$50,000 and a little luck. Golda was desperately short on financing: in \$500,000 budget, and under the terms of his agreement with the play's bankers, Langner had to make up any shortages from his own pocket. Initially reluctant to sell off a Canada always considered in this, he has now moved to the west, living close to Cleveland in the North American dramatic market. Langner soon found the dealoffered by the two-month talking, a solution reasonable. It had taken Zinnerman and Drobinsky to transform himself from an unknown Canadian money into a very important Producer. They left to partners in Baltimore and Boston, taking part in the short seasons that eventually produced the play, a length by 30 minutes.

Still, hardly glamour has not verified out would become worse. Zinnerman and Drobinsky were able to hold a fair share claim on the contract they negotiated with Langner of *Golda* topped. They would forfeit the \$50,000 but be able to lead out of further commitments up to 45 hours after the play premiered. However, the chances of failure seemed remote and as the play was prepared for its Broadway opening plans were going ahead for its Canadian debut next July at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre, with Marilyn Lightstone as Golda, directed by the drama chief John Hirsch. Meanwhile, voices of similar ventures are dancing in Zinnerman's head.

"There is no reason why we have to leave Broadway in New York," he says. "We can have it right here."

How might commercial Canadian production with face in a country that means as gripping up its theatrical community on the rocky balanced support structure of government grants remains to be seen. But at least Zinnerman is refreshingly candid about his intentions. "We are not doing this out of any sense of sacrifice. We expect to make a pretty good money."

RONALD



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Dance

An act of redemption

At Les Grands Ballets Canadiens' long-steady studio in Montreal, a lone ballet master was anxiously pinning the bulls' nostrils on the verge of a heave. It was only a week before the tryout premiere of Quebec choreographer Fernand Nault's new ballet *Le Souvenir* (Old Man) at Sherbrooke on November 1 and three weeks from vital performances in Montreal, Ottawa and Kingston, and Nault was helmed in a critically tight schedule, monopolizing both studio and dancers.

Feelings were doubly strained because Nault, 55, creator of Canada's greatest ballet, the exquisite *Comme l'enfance*, as well as the country's most popular, the rock ballet *Tween*, knew that *Le Souvenir* had to be



Nault (left) recalling an *Order of Canada* from Governor General Lévesque: *invaluable*

good, not necessarily to supplant the earlier triumphs but because the ballet public has become more exacting in recent years. Except for his tenuous-lined forehead and the occasional wrinkle in his grey-blue eyes, Nault was bearing no despite a punishing seven-day-a-week schedule.

His triumph, however, was nearly sabotaged by his work. In 1962 he clipped his dance *Comme l'enfance* together in 12 days for the Kentucky Opera. Almost as quickly Nault created a short rock solo in *collaboration* in 1978 for company package *Sylvia Klau-Chenier* than he ran her program in the ballet company at Vane. *Belgaris* it helped win her a silver medal and headed Nault the choreographic first prize certificate over 55 competitors.

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Heut with 'Le Scatman' star Louise Doré
a lot less rock, a lot more Quebec angst

choreographic figure. Nault is relatively unknown in his own country (although he was recently awarded the Order of Canada for contributions to Canadian dance). Born in 1921, he emerged partially from the cultural splurge of Montreal's East End. His parents were downtown Catholics who burned church candles to turn him away from his personal teen-age ambitions to dance. "I just wanted to move. I wanted to get out of the city, but when I saw ballet for the first time, in the studio, all these things happened to me." In 1944, an incredibly lucky break: the injury of a touring dancer put him into the hands of New York's Ballet Theatre. Eventually rising to soloist and ballet master, he became Ballet Theatre's keeper of the flame and coach to some of the world's best dancers. But despite his success, Nault discouraged his choreographic ambitions and in 1965 he suddenly joined Ludmila Chiriacoff at the fledgling Grands Ballets back home.

Since then, he has produced 17 ballets all the way from the revamped Chiriacoff to a new dance to Zouk, which was so successful it would have kept Les Grands Ballets on Broadway for months in 1970 if Chiriacoff and Nault hadn't banished the company back home to present its latest touring act: a rock act. The new Le Scatman, based on a happy, unhappy Quebec literature classic by Albert LeBerge, is now where Nault's heart is: offering to Quebec cities who are bent as too rock-obsessed and perhaps, unethically international. With dark costumes, music, heavily painted voices and Montrealer Dominique Tremblay's corny, rondo-and-sonnet score, Nault's contemporary becomes ostentatiously Quebecois. He's exceptionally clear choreography, however, combined with his undiluted sense of music. Balance the waxy's gloom, allowing a full commitment to be held into the ballet's conclusion. And so doing so Nault may, with Le Scatman, have founded Les Grands Ballets another enduring Canadian dance classic. **JENNIFER**

On not going gently into that good night, and burning and raving at close of day

Column by Allan Fotheringham

One of the standard signs is "look down where I live just I dare my sluggish body about a cup of short determined figure on a dark seat setting out on foot for some unknown destination. Pacing along in my gaily complex, I notice in all its time, always, I feel, because I am in a Celine Taylor and he is 64 years old. The next half of time is there at every minor hockey league banquet to hand out awards, available for charity appearances, able to do a round on skates for a national TV audience. He is 94 and will probably last longer than I.

I am intrigued by age. I am fascinated by what it is that determines that certain characters last a long time while certain others don't quite. Mainly, I am fascinated by whether the determining factor is personality, quality or otherwise. Strong willed persons seem to last longer than most persons. Is it because they're too stubborn to fade?

I look at the political scene and wonder whether longevity is tied to a certain indecisiveness. I look, naturally, at John Diefenbaker who has proven at 82, while performing the art of dumping on dead people in the latest volume of his memoirs, that cheerful mischievous, smiling man in fact be the elder than Premier or Leon was looking for. I view those poor political bookends of the country. W.A.C. Bennett at 77 will issuing out pension books to any microphone so as wary as to venture out. Joey Smallwood, 77 in a few weeks, still more unable to let Liberal colleagues than a help. In contrast, Lester Pearson is long gone. Guy Frenais, Adia Seregnia a dozen others. Nice guys are awarded first.

There is no doubt, at this regard, that age is better than Genito as a means of working off the grim super. Two of Yugoslavia is now 53 and wears precise markings in public appearances. The other day, at a French restaurant, he began his day with a 6 in breakfast of cabbage soup, sausage, beefed meat and roast chicken. Churchill was 90 when he died. De Gaulle 79. Pope Paul, authoritarily potting over the collapse of his church in St. Urban 85. In his 80s, Lord Bessborough held a gala banquet held in his honor. "This is my final word. It is time for me to become an

apostate convert. I have not settled in which direction. But somewhere, sometime soon." In two weeks he was dead.

There is the factor of sex, guess. A supreme liking for pleasure of the flesh is better than anything else. Two of the first ladies of Charlie Chaplin, now 85, were 36, a third was 38. He fathered his first child when 73. Picasso's virility was legendary. He went at 91. Cane Smith, now 82, revealed two years ago that his secret was to "have your bowels open at least once a day and have two trips a week."



Mut Wren ("It's not the running life that

82. Leopold Sukowoda when he died this year was 95. Arthur Rabinovitch, working on his memoirs at 91, says "I have never lost my rest for life."

It's not the body that counts, it's the brightness of mind. Proof of that is in looking at the families. Martha Graham, mother of modern dance, is 84. Gloria Swanson, who has recycled five husbands, is 78. Will Tinsley, World War II test pilot, One desert, Mr. Murray, still racing, is 80. Helen Rabinovitch was 94 when she was 70. The indestructible Rose Kennedy is 87. Max Lifkin, who went to India with the Peace Corps when she should have been in a nursing class, is 78. Charlotte Whitton ("Women have to be twice as smart as men to prove they're half as good. Fortunately, that's not hard") was 78 when she departed. Perle Munn was 95. I've encountered twice in the last year Margaret Mead who resembles an immovable stamp, at 75 still as indestructible as ever.

There are a number of interesting spin-offs of all this. The star, the party of protest, has long had the oldest caucus in Ontario. Tommy Douglas, 75, will soon retire but Stanley Knowles 69 and demonstrates party image in the Commons.

There are two points, or would seem, to thinking life. If that extreme combinatorial J. Edgar Hoover went at 77, George Meany, the soappaper-longed co-founder, will number 85-86 at 83. Or recently, Fred Astaire is 78, Harry Ford 72, George Burns 61. I once met Chas. E. in Peking (a week after reading in Time that he was a genius) and was struck at how delicate and almost feminine the man was. He went at 78. Some people combine the two qualities. George Marx goes at 84 and Checco Mao at 82.

The best advice? It comes from the famed Sotheby Page who because of the color bar didn't get into the major law firms until he was into his forties and was still making his buck hard even in the age of 56. He said: 1. If your stomach happens you lie down and puff it with cool thoughts. 2. Keep the papers flying by juggling around gently as you move. 3. Go very lightly on the seas such as carrying, or in society. The social rumble can't be 4. Don't look back. Something might be giving or you.

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It's clear the vigor of creative genius is one resource. Picasso was driven by a frenzied creativity until the day he died. Mark Twain is 90. Pablo Casals in Brazil and a 20-year-old and, probably as a result, lived to 90. Igor Stravinsky went at

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